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The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 409.—Vol. XXXII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 4, 1911 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

READY, AYE READY!

A Turkish Armoured Motor-Car in the Streets of Constantinople

TURKISH SOLDIER

Bystander Comments

ITALIAN SOLDIER

THE RIGHT TO FIGHT

Che Sara Sara

THE nation which has broken the "peace" gives us also the phrase with which to console ourselves. War is an actuality, no longer a dreaded possibility. Let us bury our platitudes and look to the facts. What is to be is to be—whichever is the strongest will prevail. Is Italy really to be condemned for the one decisive act by which Europe has suddenly been brought face to face with the doctrine of the Right to Fight? Italy wanted Tripoli. Instead of creating a "situation," and then entering on "conversations," and for months and months keeping Europe in a state of hysteria, she has acted. If Turkey wants to keep Tripoli, she has to prove herself stronger than Italy. If she does not, then, by the doctrine Right is Might (re-made in Germany from an ancient model), she is not entitled to keep it. Similarly with the rest of the Turkish Empire. If Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and the others decide once for all to try how war will solve the eternal question of their claims in Macedonia, is it the dreadful disaster which the *quidnuncs* say it is? Which is better — one good stand-up fight to a finish, or a Peace which is based by the will of the Tsars and Kaisers on the upkeep of vast armaments?

***

Brigandage or Emancipation

OF course, we are all pretending to be very angry with Italy. In one sentence we heap upon her head the vials of our righteous wrath, in the next we admit that we can *do* nothing, because Italy may be useful to us at Armageddon. Sometimes we wonder why the Continent calls us hypocrites. Perhaps some of us know now. Not that our Press Pecksniffs (who sniff yet are afraid to peck) are wrong in their denunciations of Italy's conduct. Judged by the prevailing standard, it is, no doubt, bad. But there is more than one standard in all conduct. There is, for instance, the farmer who shoots foxes. Whether he is a wrong-doer or not depends entirely whether you judge him by the code of sport or of husbandry. Italy's offence is a breach of the "Peace" of the Near East; but is this particular Peace worth preserving? It rests on what? On the so-called integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Turkey's lands, no matter how atrociously governed, are holy ground. You may pilfer from Morocco, or China, or Persia, but not one square foot may you take from the Turk. Why? Simply because if one starts the pillage, the others may not be able to restrain themselves from joining in, not even those great virtuous humbugs — the Powers themselves. Suppose Italy has grown tired of the sight of the straight-jacket round the waist of her neighbours across the Adriatic, and suppose, by firing this Tripolitan pistol in the air (it is nothing more) she *has* given the signal to the smaller States to rid themselves and Europe of the Turk. A war of brigandage they call it. Methinks history will call it a war of emancipation.

ENGAGED—AT LAST, THOUGH NOT MATRIMONIALLY

H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi, who has conducted the first naval engagement in the Turco-Italian war

***

Let Them Fight!

LET the little Balkan States try their hand against the Turk. If the Turk wins, then let

him reign by the right of might. If he loses, let the small States reign by the might of right. Let us not question the right to fight. The time to step in is when the best man has proved himself, and our only hope is that he will not be too long in doing so. If the Turk stays in Europe, then we shall bow to Kismet; if he goes, then, as professing Christians, we should not be too vexed that the Cross has, after a thousand years, at last sent the Crescent back to the Asia out of which it should never have been allowed to come.

***

The Slandered Twenty-Nine

IT is not the time to worry much about home politics, but I have to acknowledge the receipt of numerous letters in appreciation of THE BYSTANDER's championship last week of the so-called Traitor Peers, from which the following are extracts :—

LORD HENEAGE : "The main points, in my opinion, are that it was desirable to follow Lord Lansdowne's good advice and prevent the prostitution of the Royal Prerogative in making 300 Puppet Peers, who would have had the power to pass any Bill sent up by the Government from the House of Commons, as at present constituted, and after 'toeing the line' to Mr. Redmond and Co. under the closure without proper debate *in one single Session*, and so make nugatory the few safeguards for delay and discussion both in Parliament and by the country which the Parliament Bill does afford, including Home Rule. I do not myself believe that there is existing now any ill-feeling between any sections of the Unionists and those who voted with me, except among those who were the 'Rebel' Peers and M.P.'s who tried to use the occasion to promote the base intrigue against Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour."

LORD CHURSTON : "The article is a very just one."

LORD DOURO : "A very fair explanation of our vote."

LORD RITCHIE OF DUNDEE : "Very fairly represents the reasons why I supported the Government on the final divisions . . . fully realising what the consequences were likely to be, so that the present campaign of calumny neither surprises nor moves me."

Certain of the other noblemen who have acknowledged the article are reluctant to appear to be themselves concerned with the defence of their vote. Here, however, are some anonymous extracts from their letters :—

"I beg to thank you for the excellent article in the last issue of THE BYSTANDER. In giving my vote, I had in view the permanent advantage of my country—no other consideration had any weight whatever with me."

"Your article fully expresses my view of the action I and other peers felt constrained to take in the division in question, and deals most justly with the criticisms that are being hurled at us. I am quite satisfied to leave the course I pursued to the judgment of the public."

"Your article represents the position which we took up very well. I was very glad to notice that I and those who voted as I did in the fight over the Veto Bill had found at least one public defender."

THE MARQUIS DI SAN GIULIANO

Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, whose high reputation is a guarantee that Italy would not have embarked upon a war with Turkey without the fullest sense of the gravity of the action, and the weightiest patriotic reasons

Hunting Number Next Week

Next week we shall issue our annual hundred-page Hunting Number. Portraits of the principal among the new Masters will appear, with a full and interestingly written article, illustrated with attractive drawings and photographs bearing on the season's prospects. The coloured double-page is by Mr. Lionel Edwards, and represents an absolutely original situation in a field where originality is not easy to attain. There will also be presented to hunting readers a complete list of foxhounds, officials, and days of hunting, of which no huntsman should omit to possess himself. In conclusion, I would point out that "The Bystander" is alone among illustrated weeklies in treating the subject of hunting in a way which is at once informative to the sportsman and interesting to the general reader.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "SYLVIA" Ballet, LYDIA KYASHT, Fred Farren, etc., GEO. ROBEY, AERIAL SMITHS MR. HYMACK, NELLA WEBB, IVY ST. HELIER.
EVENINGS at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

DALY'S THEATRE, Every Evening, at 8.15.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production, "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG." English libretto by BASIL HOOD. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. MATINÉE, SATURDAY, at 2.15.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES.
Every Evening, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production, "PEGGY." By GEORGE GROSSMITH Jun. Music by LESLIE STUART. MATINÉE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2

PRINCE OF WALES'. Every Evening, a 9.
MR. CHARLES HAWTREY'S New Production,
"THE GREAT NAME."
At 8.15, "A Sentimental Cuss." Matinée, Weds. and Sats., at 3.

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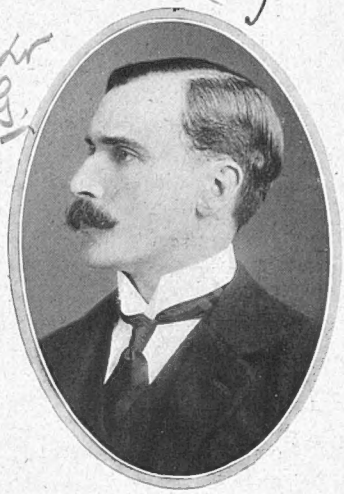
At Court and in Society

At Court

LAST week's guests at Balmoral included, in addition to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia, Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Morley, Count Mensdorff and the Marquis de Soveral, Lord and Lady Knollys, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice and Sir Charles Frederick. All these were present at the Tenants' Ball, the biggest of its kind ever given at Balmoral.

Photograph *Lafayette*



Photograph *Maull and Fox*

TO BE MARRIED ON OCTOBER 12

Miss Eileen Butler, younger daughter of the late Lieut.-General Sir William Butler, and Viscount Gormanston, who are to be married to-morrow (Thursday) week

Royal Canada

Still seething from its recent exciting electioneering experiences, Canada is now contemplating, with what the Victorians called gusto, the arrival of its new and Royal Governor, the Duke of Connaught, who leaves England on Friday, and arrives at Quebec a week later. Both the Duchess and her daughter, Princess Patricia, are very partial to winter sports, and of these in Ottawa and Montreal they will be able to get their fill. Canadians are fondly anticipating much entertaining at the Viceregal residence. As to this, however — well, it would be unwise to prophesy. The Duchess, everyone knows, is of a retiring disposition, and the Duke is, of course, somewhat *blasé*; and except in a quite private way, they never have entertained at all. Still, of course, it's never too late, etc., etc.

The Royal Return

The Court returns south shortly, the King on his way paying a visit to the Duke of Richmond at Gordon Castle, where there is plenty of excellent sport. While at York Cottage for the partridge shooting it is probable that the King will pay visits to Lord Iveagh at Elvedon and to Lord Leicester at Holkham.

The Queen-Dowager

Queen Alexandra, meanwhile, is still holiday-making in Denmark, and is not expected back in England until just before the Court leaves for India. The Empress Marie is, of course, with her, and the two sisters may visit their younger sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, before leaving. The Duke of Cumberland is a somewhat obstinate person, who successfully resisted both Queen Victoria's and King Edward's exertions to establish amicable relations between himself and the Kaiser. He leads a farmer's life, and clings tenaciously to his own dominions.

Photograph *Speaight*

MRS. WILLIAM JAMES

Who gave a matinée on Saturday last, at Edinburgh, of "Penelope," in connection with the Edinburgh racing week. By the way, this play will be given with the same cast at Ealing Theatre on October 6 in aid of the League of Mercy and the King Edward VII. memorial at Ealing

A Courtless Monarchy

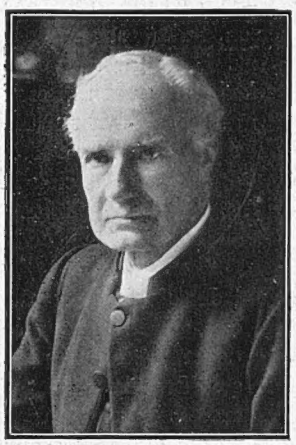
It is said that the departure of the Court will interfere considerably with the success of the autumn season, and that social matters in general will be very quiet indeed. I beg to differ. The Court in the capital certainly does make a difference to its social side, people being somewhat apt to enjoy themselves quietly but unostentatiously in its absence. But to the general scheme of things — business-life, theatre-life, restaurant-life, all those occasions upon which men meet together—the presence or absence of its super-personages makes no difference at all. Indeed, at times of great ceremonies such as the Coronation, it is remarkable how very little "small" entertaining goes on. The lesser is swamped by the greater, but it is the lesser that makes for general conviviality.

Archdeacon Wilberforce

The probability that Archdeacon Wilberforce will succeed to the Canonry of Westminster, vacated by Canon Duckworth's death, is, I hear, fluttering badly the dovecotes of St. John's, where the Archdeacon's personality and charming "talks" every Sunday night, *not* from the pulpit, are invaluable assets in these days of alleged "religious insensibility." But the parish of St. John's is a large one, and Archdeacon Wilberforce a not too robust man, while the stall at present vacant carries with it very little to do, £1,000 a year, and a charming house in Little Cloisters. The stall is at the disposal of the Prime Minister.

A Learned Divine

The Prime Minister, by the way, has often been accused of appointing only High Churchmen to all the best jobs. There would be rather more point in accusing him of a partiality for preferring culture and learning over the heads of worth and—dare I breathe it?—pomposity. And his latest appointment—that of Canon Beeching to the Deanery of Norwich—is much a case in point. The new Dean is a fine scholar as well as preacher. He can write essays with anyone, and his text-books are in every theological library. In so material an age it is really very refreshing to find wisdom now and again taking a front seat.



Photograph *Mills*

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE

Whose name has been mentioned in connection with the vacant Canonry of Westminster. He is Rector of St. John's, Westminster, and is over seventy years of age

Old Masters

One would have thought all the Old Masters had long ago come to an end—from an exhibitory point of view, anyway, for so many years on end did Burlington House show Old Masters every winter. Apparently, they haven't, however; and I hear that at the show opened on Tuesday at the Grafton Galleries by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught there are even some that have never been on exhibition before.

The Week

The pheasants, racing at Newbury and Kempton (for the Duke of York Stakes), several *premières*, including the much-looked-forward-to Arnold Bennett's *Honeymoon*, with Miss Marie Tempest a honeymooner, at the Royalty to-night, and *Sumurun* in the Entire at the Savoy to-morrow, are the outstanding social matters of the first week of a month always a pleasant one in the social calendar. Weddings and race-meetings of an agreeably "little" variety are its chief features, while, the Scottish season being on the wane, Town is much the resort of the quite-ready-to-be-convivial passer-through.

Munching Ministers

Last week, many matters of high diplomatic import being afoot, many Ministers left for the nonce their moors and motors, golf and yachting, and came to Town. The First Lord could have been met, also Sir Edward Grey, who, on Friday, receives the freedom of the Berwick-on-Tweed he has represented for something like a quarter of a century; and lunching together at a place as pleasant, though not so conspicuous, as the Carlton or the Ritz, Mr. Lloyd George, his familiar, the Master of Elibank, and Mr. Masterman.

A Potential Commander-in-Chief

Near by, his appetite not, apparently, in the least affected by such sinister company, sat Lord Willoughby de Broke, who, *vide* a contemporary very much down on the Government, is a "potential Commander-in-Chief of the Constitutional forces," as well as already

(Continued on page 12)

WHO SAYS THAT WOMEN DON'T UNDERSTAND POLITICS?

THE WINNER OF "THE BYSTANDER" CAR AS A PROOF TO THE CONTRARY

IN our last issue we concealed the fact that the winner of THE BYSTANDER Parliamentary Competition is a lady. It is now our duty to make this interesting revelation, and we trust that Feminists will use, for all it is worth, the fact that on a woman falls the credit of having made so shrewd a political forecast.

Replying to our inquiry, Mrs. Taylor, writing from Craigrath, Banchory, N.B., attributes her success to a careful study of the guide supplied by THE BYSTANDER to competitors. No doubt the same will apply to many others who came near to accuracy. Mrs. Taylor, however, was not content with the easy assumption that her M.P. (Mr. J. M. Henderson) would do more or less the same as in the previous Session. Then, he made eight speeches and voted in seventy-two divisions. This year, however, he (as so nearly forecasted by Mrs. Taylor) made twenty-three speeches and took part in one hundred and twenty-two divisions. The prizewinner evidently brought to bear some knowledge of the political prospects of her Member in assuming that he would so materially improve on his previous record, and this is, of course, the skill for which the Editor looked in classifying his coupons.

It is perfectly true that many Members did follow remarkably closely their previous records, and competitors who anticipated this are to be congratulated on their shrewdness.

MRS. FREDERIC TAYLOR (MABEL TAYLOR), OF BANCHORY, N.B., WINNER OF "THE BYSTANDER" PARLIAMENTARY COMPETITION

Their Possible Presumptive Majesties

ARCHDUKE KARL FRANZ-JOSEF AND HIS FIANCÉE OF PARMA

H.I.H. THE ARCHDUKE KARL FRANZ-JOSEF OF AUSTRIA, WITH HIS FIANCÉE, H.R.H. PRINCESS ZITA OF PARMA

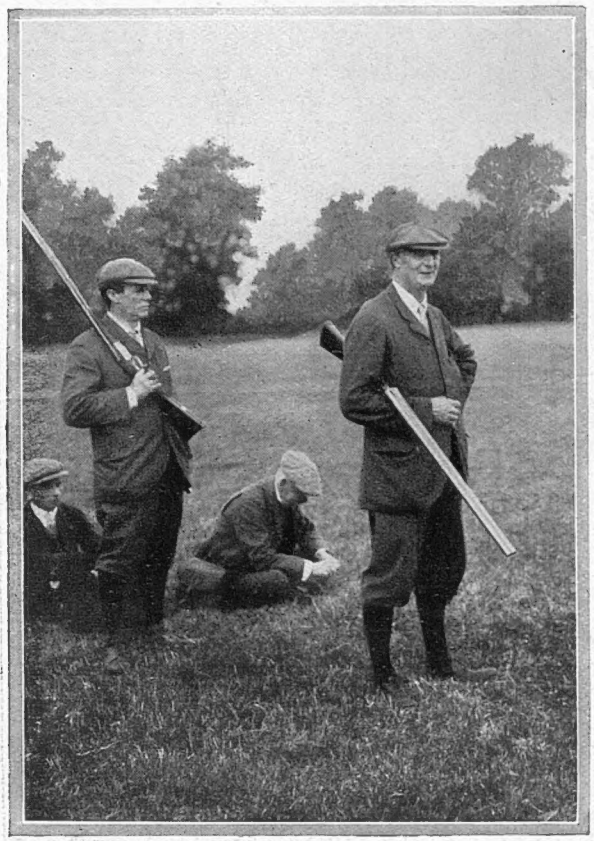
This is the first photograph of the engaged couple taken together. The young Archduke is the Austrian heir-presumptive, whose chances of ultimately succeeding to the throne grow paler every day. For, it is known, Kaiser Wilhelm has now agreed to support the Heir-Apparent, Franz-Ferdinand, to the bitter end in his attempt to secure recognition for his morganatic wife and family. Such recognition would relegate Karl Franz-Josef to the position of a mere Archduke

Photograph [*Pietzner*

a "power in the land and an orator of potent attraction and breezy and caustic utterance." Yet another in the luncheon-room was Sir Samuel Evans, who, rumour whispers, is a tiny bit weary of the marital misdemeanours of the middle-classes, and would much like a rousing *cause célèbre* just for a change.

Autumn Marriages

Next week sees the first of the big autumn weddings. It is that of Mr. Dick Bethell, future Lord Westbury,



WHAT—ANOTHER FOREIGN COMPLICATION?
Sir Edward Grey, while out shooting, looks surprised. Is it because a summons has just been brought to him to return to the F.O., on account of yet another foreign crisis?

and Miss Evelyn Hutton, and takes place at St. George's, Hanover Square; on or about the same date yet another of the season's septuagenarians—Captain Terence Fitzmaurice—gives the holy estate a second trial. A week later a wedding for which literally hundreds of invitations have been issued, and, by the same token, Asprey's ransacked, is the very ducal one of Lord Percy and Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox at St. Peter's; while on the same day the marriage of Captain Bowlby and Miss Lettice Annesley will be celebrated.

The Leconfield Wedding

Is the next important alliance on the books, and is an unending subject for gossip and chit-chat in that part of Sussex where the bridegroom is a great landowner and the bride familiar since childhood. Petworth, of late years the scene of bachelor parties only, is confidently expected to burst out socially afresh with the advent of a very young and charming *châtelaine*, though Petworth hospitalities, of course, are always just a little bit interfered with by the fact of house and grounds being (by order of the late Baron) on view to the public twice in every week throughout the year.

Courtless—But Comforted

We are to lack a Court this autumn, and, indeed, Royal England, but for some very minor specimens of that august species, is to be most sadly bereft in that particular throughout the coming "little" season. For comfort, however, there is much music forthcoming—grand opera, including a cycle of *The Ring* at Covent Garden in less than a fortnight, and Hammerstein opera at the great white palace in Kingsway, which, in this musical-comedy-adoring London of ours, is to make so bold a bid for legitimate opera next month. Whether or not the great Hammerstein will succeed in inducing Society to shed the light of its countenance upon his much-to-be-commended enterprise is on the knees of the gods. Even if it weren't, it wouldn't so very much matter if only the great B.P. could be persuaded to come and hear grand opera.

The Durbar

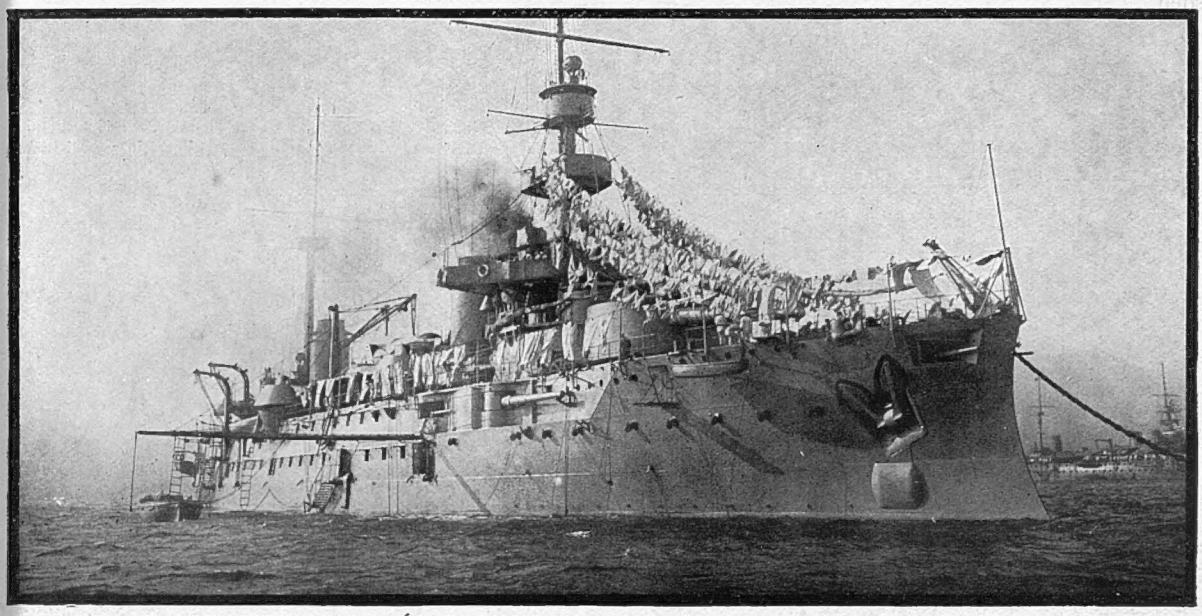
Preparations for the Durbar proceed apace. The India Office in general and Lieut.-Colonel Sir Donald Robertson in particular are up to their eyes in work, and somewhat, I hear, fancying themselves in the new rôle of high-class Cook's agents which has fallen to their lot, while the many illustrious ones who are to be accessories after the fact, so to speak, are booking their passages hard. But that there is, at any rate, a possibility of either an abandonment or a postponement

BEFORE THE WHISTLE: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF GRANARD
Before the sound of the whistle that indicates the drive has started, the photographer, invariably attendant nowadays at all shoots patronised by People of Interest, gets in his deadly work. Photographed last week at Nuneham Park

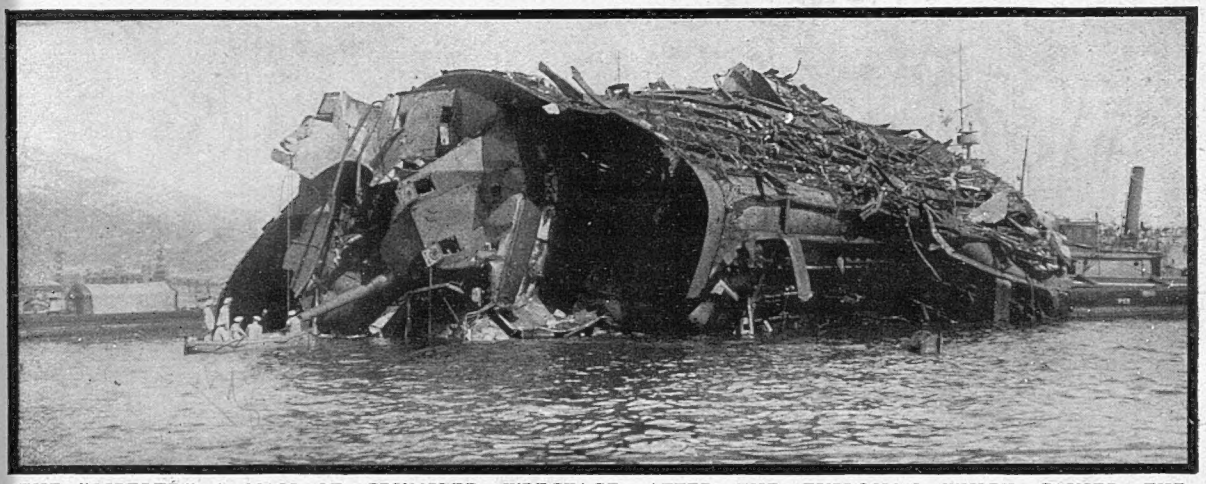
of the Durbar is indicated by Lloyd's insuring against the abandonment at twenty guineas per cent., the premium for insurance against the ceremony being postponed being thirty guineas per cent.

Peace Hath Her Tragedies

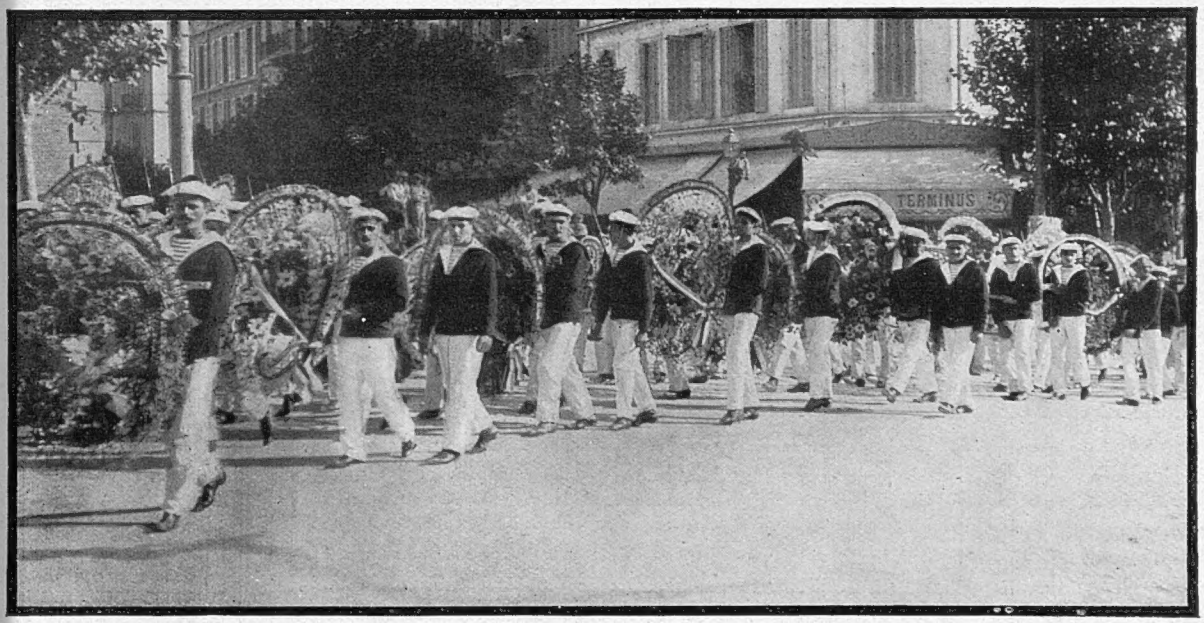
THE TERRIBLE DISASTER TO THE FRENCH NAVY



THE FRENCH BATTLESHIP "LIBERTÉ," PHOTOGRAPHED AT TOULON THREE DAYS BEFORE THE EXPLOSION WHICH SUNK HER



THE "LIBERTÉ," A MASS OF CRUMPLED WRECKAGE, AFTER THE EXPLOSION WHICH CAUSED THE DEATH OF OVER 200 MEN



FRENCH BLUEJACKETS CARRYING WREATHS AT THE VICTIMS' FUNERAL

At Toulon, early last week, one of the modern units of the French Republic's navy, the battleship "Liberté," was blown-up, owing, it is thought, to the spontaneous combustion of the deadly "B" powder, which is used on some of the French ships. More than two hundred were killed. The sympathy of the world has been extended to France in this sad hour

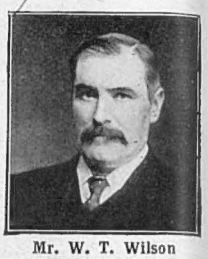
Col. Seely
546 Speeches

Mr. Hobhouse
1,062 Speeches

Sir E. Strachey
535 Speeches

Mr. J. W. Gulland
Voted in 337 Divisions

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald
Voted in 332 Divisions



Mr. W. T. Wilson
Voted in 327 Divisions

The Premier
917 Speeches

Mr. Lloyd George
1,060 Speeches

Mr. Birrell
972 Speeches

Mr. Churchill
898 Speeches

Mr. Burns
507 Speeches

THE MEN WHO HAVE TALKED THE OFTENEST (IN THE HOUSE) DURING THE SESSION, FEB.—AUG., 1911

Our Readers as Political Prophets

AS promised last week, we now publish a list of the names of our readers who forecasted most skilfully the number of speeches made by the sitting Members for their divisions. They are given in order of the number of the speeches made, it being agreed that this is also the order of skill, a correct forecast of a high number being more difficult in proportion than one of a low number.

NAME OF COMPETITOR	NAME OF M.P.
SYBIL BORTHWICK, Whitburgh, Ford, Midlothian.	Hon. Alex. Murray.
HUGH CHRISTOPHER DAVIES, The Lodge, Old Lakenham, Norwich.	G. H. Roberts.
JOHN McGREGOR, 2, Abercorn Terrace, Sydney Parade, Merrion, Co. Dublin.	P. J. Brady.
A. EMERSON JOHNSTON, 12, Barnfield Road, Stockport.	Kebby-Fletcher.
GEORGE F. R. SMITH, 9, Russell Road, Rhyl.	J. H. Lewis.
J. L. FRANCIS, Old Rake, Halkyn, near Holywell.	J. H. Lewis.
HAROLD M. FOSTER, Woodsetton House, Dudley.	Col. T. E. Hickman.
MAJOR R. G. BROOKSBANK, Cherry Burton, Beverley.	A. S. Wilson.
COLIN CAMPBELL, Jura, Argyll, N.B.	J. S. Ainsworth.
SYDNEY UNDERWOOD LAWSON, Mardens, Hildenborough, Kent.	Captain Spender Clay.
H. S. TURNBULL, Slip House, Bantry, Co. Cork.	J. Gilhooley.
CAPTAIN A. O. BOYD, Ashurst, Lyndhurst, Hants.	W. F. Perkins.
J. P. M. GEORGE, Rhydgarnwen, Cilgerran, R.S.O.	Walter Roch.
MARY EVANS GEORGE, Rhydgarnwen, Cilgerran, R.S.O., Pembrokeshire.	Walter Roch.
MARK HENRY MARSHALL, Heathfield, Brinscombe, near Stroud.	C. P. Allen.
J. F. C. KIMBER, The Gate House, Shackleford, Godalming.	E. Horne.
EDITH HARRY PUTNEY, 6, Blomfield Court, Maida Vale, W.	A. Strauss.
GEORGE WILLSHER, Junr., 131, Seagate, Dundee.	James Falconer.
MORYAN ROSS O'CONNELL, Lakeview, Killarney.	Timothy O'Sullivan.
C. TUDOR OWEN, Danehurst, Wimborne.	Captain F. E. Guest.
MRS. HENRY BEEVOR, Teesdale, Newark-on-Trent.	J. R. Starkey.
HEBE HAMPSON, Wykefield, Ambleside, Westmorland.	G. B. Haddock.
G. B. CROLE, 1, Royal Circus, Edinburgh.	J. A. Clyde.
FRANKLIN COCHRANE, Redcliffe, New Mills, Derbyshire.	S. Hill-Wood.
G. L. SAMUELSON, Bodicote Grange, Banbury.	E. Fiennes.
ETHEL MUMFORD TAYLOR, Ashley Hall, Newmarket.	Sir Charles Rose.

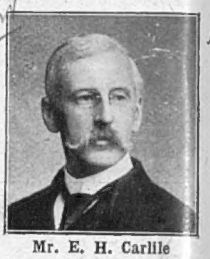
TALKERS AND WALKERS—SELECTED

AS an instalment on account from our collection of Parliamentary facts and figures made in connection with the Parliamentary Competition, we give this week the names and portraits of the M.P.'s who have been the most talkative, and those who have been the most walk-ative.

We desire to make it clear that these gentlemen are not held up as Parliamentary heroes. To be always "up" may mean that you are a Parliamentary nuisance; to be always "in" (the Division lobby) may mean that you are a servile follower of the Party Whip and a living slave of the Party system; while to be neither may mean that you are watching your country's interests better in other ways.

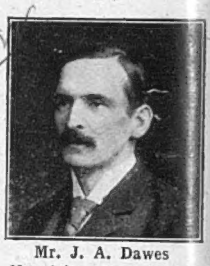
The fact is, however, that the gentlemen (Ministers all) on the left, have spoken more than 500 times, and the gentlemen on the right have walked through the lobby more than 300 out of a possible 338.

Mr. James Parker
Voted in 326 Divisions



Mr. E. H. Carlile
Voted in 318 Divisions

Mr. Joseph Nolan
Voted in 319 Divisions



Mr. J. A. Dawes
Voted in 318 Divisions

Mr. F. H. Booth
Voted in 329 Divisions

THE MEN WHO HAVE WALKED THE OFTENEST (INTO THE DIVISION LOBBY) DURING THE SESSION, FEB.—AUG., 1911

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Dover Street Studios, and Russell and Sons. Caricatures by "The Bystander."

The Scene of a Homeric Contest

WHERE HILTON WON THE UNITED STATES AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

APAWAMIS LINKS, NEW YORK; VIEW FROM FIRST HOLE LOOKING TOWARDS THE CLUB

Photographs *Underwood*

MR. FRED HERRESHOFF (DEFEATED IN THE FINAL) PLAYING AT THE TENTH HOLE

Mr. H. H. Hilton defeated Mr. Herreshoff in the final at the 37th hole, and won a great victory for England, little accustomed to winning athletic trophies on American soil. The Apawamis Links, pictured above, where the contest took place, are among the finest in the world

THE UNCTUOUS RECTITUDE OF THE PRIZE RING

ON the whole, I regret the attempt to stop the Johnson-Wells fight—on the strictest moral grounds. What these are, however, will take a lot of pointing out, and I fear the limits of space. The matter is thus: To be virtuous, a nation needs to *know* the sweets of vice. There's no credit in abstaining from doing a thing that you've never thought of doing. The British race are, at the moment, outwardly virtuous. There is little public drunkenness; gambling hells, night-clubs, and houses of ill-fame are as difficult to find as wasps in winter. The specialist crimes, such as murder, and the business crimes, such as fraud, and the trade crimes, such as coinage and burglary, continue to be committed by experts. But public indulgences in brutality, such as prize-fights, cock-fights, dog-fights, are non-existent, and even betting on the Turf is not what it was.

Publicly, I say, we have made great strides in virtue. Now, when a thing once gets going, one has a sporting desire to see it gather up momentum, and get going more and more. Virtue has done wonders since the opening of the century. By the nineteen-fifties, England *should* make Paradise, by comparison, look like Montmartre. We should be "way up," as it were. The question is, are we moving as fast towards perfection in the second as we moved in the first decade?

The virtues of the twentieth century are abstinences from the vices of the nineteenth. We don't do all sorts of things to-day because we have grown out of them. What happens, however, when you've nothing left to grow out of? To-day, for instance. Everything that was is no more. Entertainments are respectable to a degree. For a long time it has been impossible to spend a really exciting night anywhere unless privately, by the courtesy of an enterprising friend or a member of the National Sporting Club. The result is that the sensation-seeker of to-day is in a dangerously receptive frame of mind. He is apt to clutch at the slightest chance of having the old Adam shaken up within him.

In large affairs there is to be noted a decided appetite for a European War (preferably one in which we are not directly engaged); many of us regarded the prospect of civil war and bloodshed, as a result of the recent strikes, with complete complacency, and half the West-End taxi-ed to Sidney Street on that day of blessed memory. It is said that there are people who attend aviation meetings solely on the off-chance of seeing a smash, and I can put it on record that, when the Johnson-Wells fight was first advertised, a number of my respectable married neighbours feared they would, with the revival of business, be late at the office, my dear, on the night in question. There are signs that after a good spell of simple life and rustication, John Bull is approaching what might be called a "dangerous age."

Now, as I said above, I have a distinct desire for the amelioration of the morals of the race, and I realise that there is nothing more dangerous, during the dangerous age, than to bottle yourself up. There must be deflections of energy—something you can do to blow off steam, as it were. A wise statesman, in Mr. Churchill's place, would have reasoned with himself before cooking up a pretext for the stopping of the fight on legal technical grounds. He would have said to himself (remembering his own boisterous youth): Things *are* getting a bit stodgy in Town these days. If we allow this sort of thing to go on, when we *do* get the social revolution, we shall *get* it—from the wrong quarter. The middle-classes, weary of enforced respectability, will take a hand, and where will law and order be then? They want a diversion. Something must take place that they can go and get thoroughly shocked over, something which, having been to see, they'll write to the papers about, and go to church to hear sermons upon, and get questions asked in the House concerning. Now, this fight looks like the very thing. They'll go to it, enjoy it, and next morning be virtuously horrified about it. There will then set in another prolonged moral drought, which will dry up the devilment at all events as long as *we* remain in office. After that—hurrooh for a rest, while the Tories run another war!

But, alas! Mr. Churchill hasn't taken that far-seeing line. He has done the worst possible thing—tried to stop the fight by a hair-splitting technicality. In the breast of the smuggest man in the carriage (the one who has been talking about the "scandal" of the fight all the time I've been thinking) there is being uttered a deep curse that the thing isn't to take place, and that he isn't, therefore, to have that late night at the office he'd been dreaming about.

But I console myself. The stoppage of the fight would only be the prelude to an attempt to hold it under different conditions. Probably it would take the form of an invitation to an evening at the Earl's Court Debating Society, at which, among the speakers on—say—the subject of the Treatment of the Native Races in Foreign Climes, would be found the names of Mr. John Johnson and Bombardier Wells. We should all go, of course, paying our guinea, and when Wells (attired somewhat lightly) delivered a rousing speech in abuse of the negro race, Mr. Johnson (also coolly clothed) would make a few remarks in reply, in which something would be said reflecting on Wells's ancestry, personal appearance, and general character. Wells might take it amiss, and retort sharply, at which—who knows?—Johnson might completely forget himself.

If Earl's Court should take this as a hint, and send out invitations to attend the debate, a letter c/o THE BYSTANDER will find

JOURNEYMAN

Statuesque Somnolence

SUPPLANTS THE DENTAL SMILE IN THE CASE OF AT LEAST ONE YOUNG ACTRESS

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS ERNITA LASCELLES

Who played most successfully Miss Kate Cutler's part in "The Ogre" at the St. James's when that lady was temporarily absent from her work through illness

London Nights Entertainments

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

A BEAUTY AND VIRTUE CONTEST IN PORTUGAL

This scene from "Bonita," the new musical play at the Queen's Theatre, shows the village maidens being judged as to their beauty and virtues by Frederico (Mr. Lionel Mackinder) on St. Anthony's Day. The uncommon setting of the scene is doubtless due the inventive genius of that famous producer of the "intellectual" drama, Mr. Granville Barker

"BONITA"

AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

THIS is very properly described as a comic opera, as the comic part comes first and the opera afterwards. The enterprise became noteworthy as soon as it was announced that it was to be "produced" by Mr. Granville Barker, and that the composer was a gentleman whose name had not hitherto been known in connection with operatic music. As far as I am able to judge, the optimistic views that were entertained of the merits of the opera have been justified in every particular. The production shows clear evidence of Mr. Barker's genius and untiring industry, while Mr. Harold Fraser-Simson, the new composer, becomes a personage to be reckoned with in the musical world. The first thing about this comic opera is the prologue, the precise utility of which is not altogether apparent to my limited understanding. The scene of the prologue is a military outpost in the Peninsular War. An English lieutenant is in command, and he takes advantage of an interval in the fighting to bid farewell to his Portuguese wife. Things are going along very comfortably until the lieutenant suddenly breaks out into song, when some unseen marksman promptly shoots him on sight. The lady manages to escape alive, but it must be remembered that this event is supposed to have taken place before the days of repeating rifles.

I thought at first that this was the comic part of the opera; but, apparently, it is an incident to be taken quite seriously. Shortly afterwards the curtain rises on the first act, the scene being a very charming view of a Portuguese harbour, with the houses running up the side of the sloping rock. This is where the really comic part begins. There is a villain, in the shape of a rascally attorney, who, having heard that Bonita, the heroine, is entitled to the estate of the singer who was caught red-handed in the prologue, decides to marry her for her fortune. The plot is, however, treated in the lightest possible manner, rising here and there to the height of sheer and extremely happy burlesque. Mr. Lionel Mackinder is a distinct success in this part. Quite as humorous is the arrival of the hero, an English officer, who proposes marriage to Bonita directly he meets her, while Bonita accepts him with the same lightning promptitude. The idea is, I think, that as they are to be the hero and heroine, and are to pair off at the finish, there is really no need to waste time on the tiresome preliminaries of courtship.

The first act runs almost entirely in this happy, bantering vein, which is refreshingly novel and

extremely diverting. The second act, however, becomes more serious, and it is clear to me that there is more in it than meets the eye. There is the ear to be taken into account. The rivalry in love that did not matter in the first act becomes the whole *motif* of the second; and there is a sterner air about the music, too, as if to notify that on this occasion business is business. Little scenes depicting quite commonplace incidents were received with a thunder of applause for the sake of the music that framed them, and the persistent demands for encores had now and then to be complied with in self-defence. I should like to have been able to say more about the new composer's work, but, unfortunately, when I was quite a young man I fell from my bicycle and sprained my wrist, and that is why I have not now a reliable ear for music. At least, I think that must be the reason. From careful inquiries I have made, however, I have no hesitation whatever in stating that *Bonita* will afford to music-lovers an entertainment of exceptional merit, coupled with a display of humour which is considerably superior to that usually offered to the public in productions of this kind.

MISS THELMA RAYE AS MARIANA IN "BONITA" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

"RIP VAN WINKLE" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

Mr. Cyril Maude is an actor of genius, and his latest effort is well calculated to maintain his reputation in this respect. He has long been famous as the most successful representative of old men on the English stage, and it was, therefore, a foregone conclusion that he would make a convincing character of the aged Rip Van Winkle. As it happens, he has scored a double success; for in Mr. Austin Strong's version of the story, Rip is seen first of all as a youth of twenty — a shiftless, but entirely lovable, vagabond —and Mr. Maude contrives to show us this new aspect of the famous character with admirable fidelity. With the help of an adroit make-up he appears before us as a veritable youngster, and

Photographs *Foulsham and Banfield*

ORDEAL BY FIRE IN A COMIC OPERA!

The second act of "Bonita" takes place at a ruined monastery, in which two suitors for Bonita's love submit their claims to the ordeal by fire, an old Portuguese custom

the contrast of the two extreme stages of Rip's life is most convincingly presented. The strange happenings in the Kaatskills are the more complete as illusions since this branch of the production has been entrusted to those arch-magicians, Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant; and Mr. Maude's thoroughness has extended to the proscenium itself, which for the moment represents a gloomy forest pregnant with all the awe-inspiring mystery that the human imagination has ever found in the darkness and the unknown. Before the first act we are presented with a series of drop-scenes all in keeping with the strangely irresponsible story, and all suggestive of the weird and the fantastic.

If Mr. Maude's production of this new version of an old story has any defects, it is that it is all a manifestation of cleverness rather than a dramatic play. The old-fashioned, and more or less eternal, human interest has been sacrificed for the sake of brilliant character-acting and stage illusions; the story begins too soon and ends too late to satisfy the ordinary demands of stage romance. If I remember rightly, Rip Van Winkle in the original story goes to sleep for only twenty years. Mr. Austin Strong, however, extends the period of slumber to fifty years, and thus, it seems to me, loses the opportunity offered for a nice display of sentiment. Just as we have begun to like Rip very much, and to hope that the course of his true love will run smoothly in spite of his moral defects (which are, after all, nothing to worry about), we find him in the mountains preparing to curl up for his extremely long sleep. Our interest, therefore, becomes limited to Mr. Maude's nice display of art in the acting of the chief character; yet this, although it is an abiding joy, can hardly be a safe basis on which to build the hope of great popular support.

The part of Minna, the girl-sweetheart of Rip Van Winkle, is played with such true feeling by Miss Margery Maude that it seems a pity that we should see no more of her after the first act. Minna, in her charmingly artless way, is disappointed in Rip; she is evidently fond of her wayward lover, but she is sufficiently practical to realise that something more than the ordinary genius for economical housekeeping would be required by the wife of a man whose chief occupation is strolling about the village with a tailless dog, and getting periodically intoxicated on Schnapps. She sets Rip a small task to perform by way of a test, a task involving only a trifling manifestation of common industry; but Rip proves unequal to it, and after a liberal indulgence in his favourite liquor, whistles for his tailless dog, and takes to the woods. There, after a pleasing variety of wonders and illusions, he is doomed to sleep for fifty years. In the third act we find Minna represented by Miss Winifred Emery, who does all that is possible with a part the sentiment of which has been worn a trifle thin by the lapse of time. Rip must be seventy at least, and though I shrink with natural delicacy from raising the embarrassing question of a lady's age, it is clear that Minna herself must be very nearly as old. Rip's awakening from his long slumber is shown in a most dramatic and ingenious way. He appears languidly from a heap of dead leaves, and his sudden realisation of the infirmities of age is quite a masterly piece of acting. It has, however, the defect of its qualities. It draws the attention away from the story of the play; and instead of an absorbing drama, we are left with a display of character-acting which, wonderful and arresting as it is, might for practical purposes be given as a monologue.

The phenomenon of Rip's fifty years' sleep, and the change in his appearance and demeanour, dwarf all the other features of the play into insignificance. After all, the love and constancy of a septuagenarian who has led a blameless life for fifty years merely because he has been asleep all that time is not a very great matter. Since Mr. Strong has taken so many liberties with the old story I should have thought he might have been so bold as to let us get our second view of Rip while he was still young enough to be a factor to be reckoned with in the matrimonial market. In these latter days we have grown quite accustomed to seeing middle-aged men appearing as dashing bridegrooms, so that a Rip Van Winkle of forty or so, by winding up his career with a nice dash of romance, would be simply moving with the times. Still, these matters are none of my business—although you might well think they were from my ridiculously interfering remarks. All that I am really called upon to note is that, as a carefully considered and elaborately arranged production, *Rip Van Winkle* at The Playhouse is a credit to all concerned.

JINGLE

A WHISPER IN THINE EAR!

TO buy more than one illustrated paper may be an extravagance—even a vice. We deprecate neither, being philosophers. If, however, one illustrated paper contains all that you get in several, and if it combines a selection of photographs and drawings, topical and artistic, graceful and humorous, with literary matter dealing with ALL *the topics of the day, political, social, theatrical, sporting, and personal; if it so arranges itself as to appeal at one and the same time to both men and women; and if it has opinions on controversial subjects, and the courage of them, combined with the power to express them with good humour and proper regard for susceptibilities of creed, class, and party, then (whatever its name may be)*

IT SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY PAPER YOU WANT.

Mr. Austin Strong's poetic little play now at The Playhouse is reviewed by "Jingle" on pages 19 and 20

BY NORMAN MORROW

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

THIS Tripoli business seems rather absurd. Surely it is not worth the while of Italy and Turkey to give Mr. N. Angell practical proofs that he is mistaken?

* * *

Turkey's effective fleet is said to consist of two old battleships bought second-hand from Germany. The Germans have always befriended the Turks, and now seems the time when they might sell them—at a slight reduction—a couple of still recognisable Zeppelin airships.

* * *

Why, by the way, do we not sell our own army airship? It would, perhaps, hardly be honest to sell it as a dirigible balloon; in fact, it would be dishonest. But amateurs taking up goat-farming or poultry might like it as a temporary shelter; or, pegged down securely, it would make a roomy marquee for garden-parties.

* * *

A correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, who is distressed that there is no word descriptive of all members of the British Empire, suggests that they should be called "Londonians," from London, the capital of the Empire. He declares that any British citizen would be proud to say, in reply to a question as to his nationality, "I am a Londonian."

* * *

This may be true, but people in general are conservative in the extreme, and one cannot help thinking that, even in this country, anyone asserting that he was a Londonian would be asked to step to the nearest police-station, and there verify his statement by repeating the old-fashioned words "British Constitution."

* * *

Conversation with airmen, while flying, is a difficult problem, but the inventor of the aerophone has already, by means of his intrument, been able to say "Hullo!" to a man flying at a height of 700ft.; and there seems no reason why aviators should not soon be cheered in their lonely element by hearing this remark followed by the words, "Are you there?"

* * *

Sportsman: "Rather an old bird, keeper"
Sandy the Keeper: "Aye, sir. A gr-rand bir-rd for your frien's"
By Lewis McWhirter

The example of the Chinese who have posthumously appointed the late Sir Robert Hart to the office of Senior Guardian of the Heir-Apparent, is a pleasing one that might well be followed in this country. Many people, I feel sure, would, given the posthumousness, be glad to see Mr. Keir Hardie appointed Senior Guardian of the whole Empire.

* * *

"Everything by electricity" was a newspaper description of the model electrically served house at the Olympia Exhibition. A correspondent, however, writes to point out that in the ideal home there will be—in addition to the Olympia apparatus:

1. An electric chair, for receiving tax-gatherers and other less welcome visitors.

2. An electric searchlight, for retrieving fallen studs.

3. An electric razor (preferably safety) for shaving.

4. An electric butler, who will return tips offered him.

* * *

An English search-party has started for Jerusalem with the object of discovering King Solomon's burial-place. No doubt its members are correct in supposing that to find the remains of so wise a man would add vastly to our knowledge.

The Play the Thing No Longer

Mr. Bert Thomas's comment on the fashion (set by Mr. Arthur Bourchier) of actors acquiring by natural means the physical attributes required for various rôles

The Man on the Spot

SOME TRUTHS CONCERNING OUR NEW AGENT-GENERAL AT CAIRO

BY ONE WHO HAS SERVED UNDER HIM

THERE are many popular misconceptions about our new Agent-General in Egypt. He is depicted as inhumanly cold, above or incapable of ordinary human emotions or frailties. Poor G. W. Steevens's description of him as "a brain working in a box of ice" took the public's fancy, and stuck. Yet Lord Kitchener is a very human man, and no more perfect than any other man that is born of woman. He has a temper, and he sometimes pushes firmness to the verge of mulish obstinacy.

Kitchener Really Emotional!

During the Dongola Expedition he wished General Sir Archibald Hunter to make a forced march to a certain point. For once in his life General Hunter demurred. There was no particular object to be gained by the march, and it meant certain loss of life owing to the lack of water. Kitchener lost his temper. "Either you obey orders or go home by the next boat," he stormed. General Hunter obeyed, and on Lord Kitchener's head to-day is the useless sacrifice of over seventy lives.

Lord Kitchener's icy exterior is mainly a mask. He is at heart an emotional man. Remember that he has Irish blood in him. Remember, too, that as a young man Kitchener wanted to "chuck" the Service and become an actor. Lord Kitchener and the "artistic temperament" may seem as wide apart as the poles, but in truth he is a sensitive, imaginative man. I saw him once burst into tears when a cherished plan had miscarried, and I saw him again cry like a child at the thanksgiving service at Khartoum. Lord Kitchener has the power of tears and equally the faculty of honest laughter.

The Moving Target

Among his A.D.C.'s at one time was Lord Athlumney. Ascending the Nile one day in a gunboat Lord Athlumney received his "baptism of fire" from a Dervish, who kept sniping at him from behind a rock. Lord Athlumney noted the rock, and when the enemy had been routed went to it and picked up the empty cartridges he found there as mementos. Returning to camp he showed us them in Lord Kitchener's presence.

"Did he hit you?" someone asked.

"Oh, no," replied Athlumney, pretending to tremble. "I was shaking too much to make a good target."

The idea of the human moving-picture target seemed to tickle Lord Kitchener, for he laughed Homerically.

His Lordship's Joke

Lord Kitchener can enjoy a joke, and he can also make one. During a visit to New Zealand he was taken round the sights by a famous Maori guide, a lady of very charming personality. Among other places she took him to a cave, round which there centres the following Maori story: First, be it premised that there are no swear-words in the Maori language. If a Maori wishes to swear he resorts to Saxon, and if he wishes to insult another Maori in his own language he likens him to food, calling him pork or mutton, or something like that. In the old days this meant a blood feud, and long ago one Maori chief called another roast veal, and then fled to the bush, where he found the cave in question. There he managed to hide for four years, but at last he was captured, his head cut off, and his brains eaten, as was the custom in those merry days.

This was the story the guide told Lord Kitchener, and when she had finished, he turned round and said:

"Ah, then, I suppose it would be highly dangerous to call a Maori lady a little duck!"

A Bon Viveur

Lord Kitchener is a man of kindly impulses. Once a telegraphist in his employ came to him and said he wished to go home to be married. Kitchener remonstrated with him, pointing out that he was throwing away a good career, but the man was firm.

"Well," said Kitchener, "I think you're a fool, but—er—here's something to buy yourself a wedding-present," the "something" being a £10 note. No, Lord Kitchener is not a cold-hearted man, nor is he by any means an ascetic. The splendour of his entertainments in India, and even on active service he always lived well, even luxuriously. Did not the champagne he sent to Marchand at Fashoda go a long way toward making the negotiations easy?

Courageous, But ——!

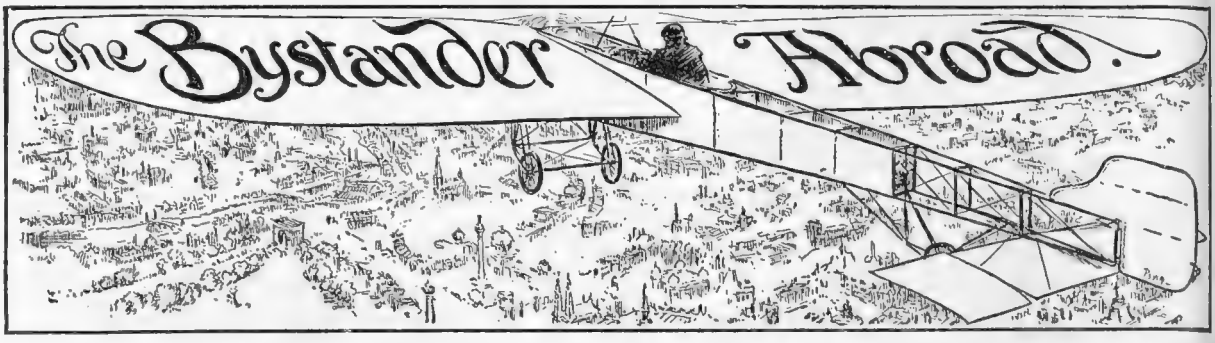
The next allegation against Lord Kitchener is that he works his subordinates to death, and then tosses them aside once they have served his purpose. This is grotesquely untrue. The man who serves Lord Kitchener must be prepared to work at full pressure, and the moment he shows signs of tiring Kitchener sends for him. Not, however, to dismiss him, but to tell him in a brusque, kindly way that he needs a rest, and that "by order" he is to take a real good holiday, and if funds are any obstacle—well, he, Kitchener, will be happy to be his banker. Loyalty to those who serve him well is one of Lord Kitchener's strongest characteristics, and largely explains the personal devotion he commands. In Egypt he never inspired as a leader just the same enthusiasm that Macdonald or Hunter did. Lord Kitchener is a brave man. He has the highest form of courage—that which will in cold blood face the risk of capture and torture, as he did when he went about disguised as an Arab. Brave as he undoubtedly is in battle, like many large men, he is apt to think that he is going to die if he has a pain in his big toe. He had the confidence, respect, and liking of his men, but no more, yet he always inspires affection in those brought into close contact with him—evil-doers, incompetents, and pot-hunters excepted.

N. W. F.

Strictly Non-Militant

LORD KITCHENER EXCHANGES THE SWORD FOR THE DUSTPAN

Sir Edward Grey, happily anticipating our cartoonist, declares that the appointment of Lord Kitchener is in no sense military in character. Kitchener's reputation as a "cleaner-up" of others' muddles leads one to hope that the recent ferment and confusion in Egypt are not long to be exempt from the non-militant pan and broom. He is also conveniently handy to deal with any menace to British interests that may result from the Tripoli imbroglio



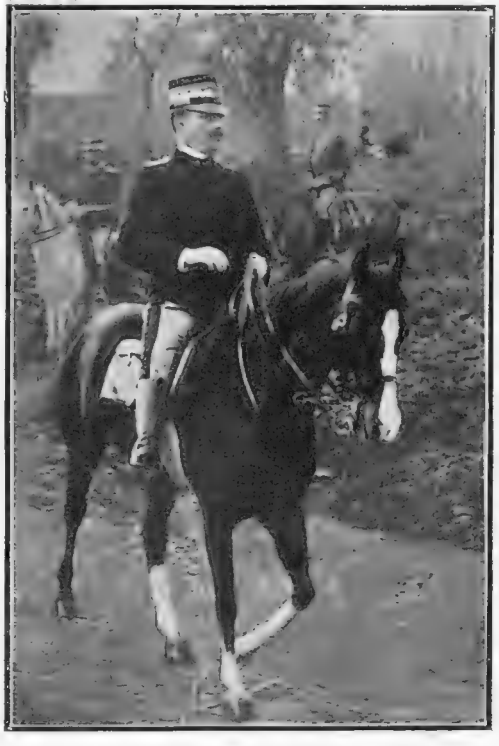
ITALY AND TRIPOLI: THE YOUNG TURKS AND THEIR EMPIRE

Patriotic Young Turks

The dispute over Tripoli surprises no one who has been following recent events in the Near East. Young Turkey is not *commode*, as the French say. If the old *régime* has been abolished, it means not only that the old domestic policy of corruption is reversed, but also that the old foreign policy of disposing of the national patrimony in the Sovereign's interest is abandoned. One of the trump cards in the hands of the Young Turks is the indignation at the shameful dismemberment of their country. All Turkey rose in revolt at the annexation by Austria-Hungary of Bosnia-Herzegovina, though practical annexation had long before been effected. Thousands of those who had never during the old *régime* dreamt of having a voice in the destiny of their country sacrificed their personal interest and refused to unload Austro-Hungarian goods in the Turkish ports, tradesmen refused to sell goods on which their living depended, and the boycott was carried out with a determination and self-denial which was a lesson to more highly civilised peoples.

Unpleasant for Italy

There is *no* doubtful question of Turkish supremacy involved in Tripoli. Under the Hamidian sway, obedience to Government may not have been insisted upon, and the Governor of the Vilayet allowed foreigners, and especially Italians, to do pretty much as they liked. The advent of more regular government has been displeasing to the Italians, who had begun before the Turkish revolution to treat Tripoli as their "sphere of influence" on the African littoral. The Young Turks have lost no time in disabusing the minds of the Italians of their error. They have openly declared their intention of keeping together what remains of their Empire, and this means that Italian prospects of expansion in North Africa diminish in proportion to the progress of civilised government among the Turks.



THE KING OF THE MOMENT

The King of Italy at the Italian Army manœuvres. Italy's quarrel with Turkey over the province of Tripoli is dealt with in the accompanying article

Cui Bono?

Those who have been in Turkey since the revolution have noticed with astonishment the enthusiastic patriotism which has grown up in this country which seemed to have so little to be proud of. Italy will find this to her cost, if she does embark on a war, which she may have done before this article appears; and even if she were victorious, she would ultimately be evicted by a population which is no longer a timid and downtrodden one, but feels itself part of a rising Empire. It is astonishing that the Italians should embark on a policy which is as unjust as it is speculative with a man at the head of its Foreign Office of such a broad and high-minded character as the Marquis de San Giuliano. The Marquis is well known in London and Paris, where his friends are wondering what can have happened to force him into a proceeding which he must abhor.

Popular Peace

A symptom of the popular demonstration which has produced a considerable impression in diplomatic circles is the Socialistic demonstration in Italy against war, although the object of a general strike has failed, following a similarly popular demonstration against war in Berlin. Hitherto, popular demonstrations have taken the form of patriotic war fevers. When the war of 1870 broke out, although hundreds and thousands of people were against it, the war fever spread like wild-fire among the masses. In the United States, where peace has, perhaps, its largest following, war with Spain produced a special demonstration, and hardly any demonstration against it. That popular feeling should assert itself against war is a new departure in the history of mankind, and its meaning has been at once appreciated by the diplomatists, who see in it a new era for the Foreign Offices, whose policy they have to carry out.

Under Which Flag?

TRIPOLI—THE LATEST SHOCK TO EUROPE'S NERVES

A GROUP OF TURKISH OFFICERS SNAPSHOTTED OUTSIDE THE BARRACKS AT TRIPOLI

THE STREET OF THE SILVERSMITHS, SHOWING (ON THE RIGHT) THE BAZAAR

A BELLE OF TRIPOLI

A FINE VIEW OF THE PORT OF TRIPOLI

Italy is credited with the determination to seek compensation for the extension of French power in Morocco by seizing the Turkish province of Tripoli. The province is indisputably a part of the Ottoman Empire, and Turkey will certainly fight rather than lose it. The latter course may be unnecessary, as latest advices are to the effect that Italy is only anxious to put an end to Turkey's opposition to pacific Italian expansion in Tripoli, and does not actually claim territory

The Bystander in Berlin

Insurance Against Divorce

Karin Michaelis, the Danish woman novelist, suggests State insurance against Divorce. Frau Michaelis is an intellectual lady who wrote "Das Gefaehrliche Alter" ("The Dangerous Age"), in which she complained that middle-aged matrons, who ought to be thinking of the proximity of death or the price of beef, are usually looking out for youthful lovers. "Das Gefaehrliche Alter" sold about twenty editions, and was praised as uncommonly true; and the Berlin Bystander read a parody called "Der Gefaehrliche Alte" ("The Dangerous Old Man"), which struck him as truer still.

Hymen's Prosaic Offering

Because women are financially helpless, they live, says Frau Michaelis, with husbands they detest. Even if the courts grant alimony, it is hard

SKATING BOXERS AT THE BERLIN ICE PALACE

Boxing on skates, a couple of very clever clowns are at present the star variety turn in Berlin. Their contortions are extraordinary, and how they manage to keep their feet is a marvel to the average spectator

to collect; or the released husband may abscond, go bankrupt, or bull American Steels. This evil should be insured against. In future, every father, says Frau Michaelis, will insure his daughter against divorce—"the earlier the better." He will pay the premiums, and on her wedding morn hand the policy to the bridegroom instead of an old Toby mug, an electro-plate tea-strainer, or the other customary gift. The bridegroom will not be allowed to look this gift-horse in the mouth, because—says Karin Michaelis—"his acceptance of the policy will be compulsory"; and as "compulsory" insurance implies State insurance, the question is really one for the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

When Divorce is Unthinkable

The bridegroom will keep the policy alive by paying the annual premium. The advantage of this is that it will periodically remind him of the mutability of conjugal bliss. On the first anniversary of his wedding, when his wife nestles up to him with an Oriental smoking-cap, a kiss, and a bill for her new hat, he will answer the usual: "Thank you, foopy-woopy-poopy-puss," and add, "That reminds me, the divorce insurance falls due to-day." And till he is well on in age he will accumulate year by year smoking-caps, kisses, unpaid bills for hats, and insurance receipts. But not for ever. "It will stop," says Karin Michaelis, "when the couple has attained an age at which divorce is unthinkable." The editor of the *Vossische Zeitung*, who prints this provision, inserts a thoughtful parenthesis: (When is that?)

Matrimonial Value for Money

Naturally, as with all genial projects, obstacles arise. Firstly, State payment for divorcees will operate much as State payment of M.P.'s. The number of candidates will multiply until the Divorce Courts (and the evening newspapers) have to double their size. Then there is the important question of getting value for your money. What will happen when a father has paid five-and-twenty annual premiums on his ugliest daughter and then found she is unmarriageable, much less divorceable? And what will happen after a happily married man had paid twenty "compulsory" premiums? Such a husband will feel like a man who has insured his house against fire for half a century, but only once burned a hole in his trousers. Under such circumstances a man can arrange his own fires. But will a really happily married man venture to divorce his wife merely in order to get the value of his premiums back?

Unlovely Maud's Premium

And, in individual cases, what actuary will estimate the risk? Suppose wealthy Herr Jones, aged five-and-seventy, weds incomparable Alice, aged nineteen. Is this a big or a small divorce risk? Big, because Alice is aged nineteen and Herr Jones five-and-seventy; small, because (as careful Alice calculated) Herr Jones will probably die before she has time. And suppose when Herr Smith arrives at the State Divorce Insurance Office to take out a policy on his unlovely daughter Maud, to his anger and astonishment the insurance official requires a fourfold premium.

"My daughter," protests Herr Smith, "has been worthily brought up. She belongs to the Victoria Lane Tabernacle. I choose her reading myself."

"That has nothing to do with it," says the brutal bureaucrat. "We go by faces. No British husband could possibly, for more than a year, put up with——"

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Biographies of Sorts

Eighteenth-century biographies multiply exceedingly. They may be of two kinds. In the first place there is the Undesirable and Consequently Popular Compilation, wherein I instinctively look for—and find—all the dear old authorities boiled down, none too carefully, to convenient dimensions, heavily spiced, and served up, piping hot, with a few moral reflections which have nothing whatever to do with the biography. This kind of book may reach a third edition, and its readers will pride themselves on their culture. The dear things are quite honest in the belief that they have read "History." As a matter of fact, they will probably have read nothing more than a somewhat bowdlerised account of some ancient scandal which surely by now might be allowed to slumber peacefully within the covers of earlier, if less popularly prepared, volumes. It would almost appear as though any once notorious affair mechanically becomes "History" in a hundred years' time. In the second place, however, there is the much scarcer, but really valuable work, printing new material—autograph letters, contemporary newspaper reports, unpublished portraits, and the like. Perhaps the most brilliant example of such a biography, published within the last year or two, is Mr. Walter Sichel's *Sheridan*. I am reminded of this book by another which bears relation to it. The beautiful Mrs. Sheridan, whose early history makes such interesting reading, was a Linley, and now Miss Clementina Black, in *The Linleys of Bath* (Martin Secker : 16*s.* net), has written the history of Mrs. Sheridan's family.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MR. OLIVER ONIONS

One of the most entertaining novelists of the day. His new book ("Good Boy Seldom"), which deals with the romance of advertising is reviewed on the following page

The Linley Family

The Linleys were certainly a remarkable group, all musical, nearly all astoundingly beautiful. Gainsborough painted them again and again. The most interesting figure, of course, is Elizabeth Ann, and the duels which Sheridan was obliged to fight with Captain Mathews on her account, his flight to France with her, her amazing success in London, and their marriage at Marylebone Church, fill the earlier chapters. But the other Linleys are hardly less interesting. Thomas, the father of Elizabeth, originally a singing-master at Bath, comes to London and becomes his son-in-law's partner in the management of Drury Lane. Two of his sons die young. Tom, a rising composer, is drowned at Grimsthorpe. Samuel, a midshipman, dies of fever at Portsmouth, and there is the pathetic story of how Mrs. Linley's illiterate servant, who has helped to nurse the young sailor, has become so attached to him that, after his death, she can no longer stay with his family. This girl's name is destined to be linked with that of another sailor; she is no less a person than Emma Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton. And so the chronicle continues. Jane Linley, Elizabeth's young sister, marries Charles Ward, and much of their correspondence—of importance to the social historian—now first finds its way into print. The whole book is an amiable account of an amiable family, and its seventeen illustrations form a veritable collection.

The Vagabond

Mr. J. E. Patterson's name ranks high as a novelist. Now he has written an account of his own career. He calls it *My Vagabondage* (Heinemann : 8*s.* 6*d.* net), and the title fits. The book reads like a romance. "A sort of comedy of action rather than of manners," he calls it. "I am alien," he says, "to nothing that is human. . . Here, then, is no pale, borrowed glory by the irrelevant inclusion of the doings of ancestors and relatives, nor any excusable

padding in the shape of anecdotes of better-known men and women." And so it is. The book is confined to himself and his own quite-out-of-the-ordinary adventures. There is, first, the Life Rebellious, years of little disgraces and many misunderstandings in Yorkshire villages, with a hateful housekeeper and an impossible aunt. There follows the Life Adventurous, life on the sea, in Marseilles, and Petersburg, and Bombay. He is for ever poking his nose into strange places—a man cut out for dangerous escapades. The most surprising things happen. There come pirates and sharks and the things which some of us are apt to regard as mythical. But of the author you have to say: This man knows. And so, after much illness and worry, he carries on his vagabondage into the environs of Fleet Street, free lances, writes novels——he has never deserted his small library—ultimately achieves position. There is sharp, bracing stuff in this book, and you feel what the man has been through. "Fight somewhere," he says; "fight somehow we must, as man always must, till he changes his very nature; and blessed be those who fight not against the good of their fellows." There you have the man. Read his book.

The Novel of Advertisement

Mr. Oliver Onions is following in the wake of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett in getting down on to paper the peculiarities of our own age. His latest book, *Good Boy Seldom* (Methuen: 6s.), is a Romance of Advertisement. We have had the thing attempted before, but never in just Mr. Onions's fashion. His Good Boy Seldom is one James Enderby Wace, a northern lad with hard, blue eyes, and a surprising capability for "getting on." At first in partnership with one of those quiet, plodding creatures who will remain underdog until the day of their death, he branches out into a tea-shop proprietor, an advertising agent, later a company promoter and Member of Parliament. In his native town he has learnt the value of respectability. He does not forget his religion, and he is, naturally, a Conservative. He has his hard, blue eye, however, upon the five hundred pounders, and these gentry respond to his advances. But a stupid little actress, not in the least overdrawn, I dare say, but surely the last word in ridiculous femininity, brings about his downfall. For her sake he attempts too much. There is a group of advertisers, the Birds—if they exist, I should like to be brought to their notice—and the Birds become suspicious. Good Boy Seldom is leaving them in the lurch. They are powerful, and Good Boy Seldom bows down before the multitude. His companies fail, there are riotous shareholders' meetings, there is more than a hint of flagrant dishonesty. He disappears on his yacht with his servant, young Young—a child of the gutter, and the only person who sticks to him to the last—and England knows him no more. The book is long, but is peopled attractively. Mr. Onions counts. He has his own methods. His book will probably be one of the best novels of the season. To those who are not familiar with his earlier work, *Good Boy Seldom* will be something of a revelation. Perhaps he could have devised a better title, but that is a minor point.

1831 or 1911?
A puzzle picture by Geo. Butler
(Reproduced from the "Canadian Courier")

Caste and Outcaste

In speaking of Indian books a few weeks ago, I had occasion to mention Mrs. Penny's work. *The Rajah* (Chatto and Windus: 6s.), just now published, is one of the best novels she has written. Every page gives you an insight into these Indian people who cannot possibly be expected to assimilate our Western ideas. The Rajah in question has had an English education, and falls in love with an English girl, Delphine Dersingham, who, with her brother, accompanies him back to India. There is the problem. She, in her typical British way, looks on the habits and customs of his ancestors as unnecessary and barbaric. He is torn between the call of the blood and the call of the heart. "When he is an Englishman," says one of Mrs. Penny's characters "he is to all intents and purposes an Englishman so amenable is the Asiatic temperament to outside influences. When he is away from that influence, and surrounded only by Hindus, he is a Hindu orthodox and caste respecting." The Rajah battles with himself but in the end caste triumphs he marries Royama, a girl of his own caste, and Delphine returns to her own country. The story is exciting and dramatic; but to me, at any rate, the chief interest of Mrs. Penny's work lies in the intimacy of the descriptions of Indian life—the ceremonies for the restoration of caste, the devil worship, the zenana wherein the ranees live in a seclusion which does not prevent them from pulling many strings outside. The four Ranees of Shivapore — the Rajah's four "mothers" —are the most foolish, and irritating, and mischievous creatures in the world, and their multiple schemes to get rid of the interfering English girl make up a part of the plot. *The Rajah* is an admirable book, which, to use the words of my old schoolmaster, will not only entertain, but instruct.

RALPH STRAUS

Famous All

THE BOOKWRITING SONS OF A GREAT ARCHBISHOP

Edward White Benson, late Archbishop of Canterbury, and father of this distinguished literary trio

The three sons of Archbishop Benson have all achieved literary fame. The youngest, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson (above, on left) has already been singled out for promotion in the Roman Catholic Church. His novels, dealing for the most part with Catholic questions, are well known. The eldest, Arthur Christopher Benson, C.V.O. (below, on left), is Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Besides helping Lord Esher to edit the Letters of Queen Victoria, his essays have gained him a very wide public. E. F. Benson, the second son (below, on right), sprang into fame with "Dodo," and has since written nearly twenty other novels

Photographs by E. O. Hoppé and Elliott and Fry

FAIRYLAND IN FACT!

OTHERWISE GLORIOUS GLENARIFF

A DEEP gulf yawns between the tourist who will see everything that everybody else has seen and the tourist who will see only that which everybody else has missed. Both claim obvious advantages. To the former class belong the great majority of travellers, who carefully prepare itineraries of castles and abbeys, and places of so-called general and historic interest. And their plan is to exhaust thoroughly every "lion" of a region, to see every bed in which Queen Bess has slept, and to touch reverently every monument to which the slightest legend is attached before proceeding farther upon their travels.

On the other hand are travellers who denounce such tourists as pagans, and who insist upon conquering new worlds of travel.

It was to this class that that great

IN THE GLEN, GLENARIFF

It was Thackeray's firm conviction that Glenariff outrivalled all other beauty-spots of Ireland. Glenariff, which is in the county of Antrim, is a place whither journeys the tourist who will get away from mere guide-book "sights" and revel in gorgeous glens and exquisite natural beauty

Photographs] RUSTIC BRIDGE AND FALL, GLENARIFF [*E. S. Shrubsole*

It is probably due to a latent conspiracy on the part of anglers knowing the region that Glenariff is not better famed for its fishing. One mute inglorious Walton of Glenariff, in eulogising its becks and streams, declared that fish could be caught "wid y' hands"

A RUSTIC BOWER BELOW THE FALL, GLENARIFF

The romantic Irishman, when he had spanned this fairy gorge with a fairy bridge, erected a fairies' bower. For Glenariff, like all hilly regions, is blessed with a prodigal fall of "dew," against which the prosaic Englishman guards himself by umbrellas and waterproofs. And thus the rustic bower has other than mere spectacular uses

mid-Victorian traveller, Thackeray, belonged. To him is the credit due of discovering the most delightful of Irish glens; and in his "Irish Sketch Book" the tract of country around the Glenariff is regarded as incomparable. No praise in admiration of it could have been too high. He could not hope to describe such grand sights and such mystic beauty as to make them visible to the fireside reader, but could only, to the best of his experience, warn the future traveller where he might look out for objects to admire. Thackeray was right. One cannot paint such beauty of scene without colours that are too gorgeous for ordinary eyes to believe. For Glenariff is one of those places that evade even the gossamer touch of the poet. Thither journeyed Tom Moore during one of his rare tours in Northern Erin; but he did not set its glories to rhyme. Moore was no patriot to his country's scenery, as was Scott or Burns. He saw and was conquered; but he did not attempt to conquer others. Thus has Glenariff shed its beauties each spring and autumn to the world, and the world has remained adamant to its charms.

October is the month when all the wealth of gold-tinted leaves of autumn are set out in Glenariff's larches and silver beeches. It is the season when its rills and waterfalls are roaring and singing, when its cascades are gilded with the harvest moon, and when its pleasant valleys are yet echoing with the songs of birds. M. T.

Photographs *E. S. Shrubsole*

ESS-NA-LARACH FALL, GLENARIFF

For grace and charm and wonderful transparency, Ess-na-Larach Fall probably excels the famous O'Sulivans Cascade at Killarney. Like its sister of the South, the attraction lies more in the slender beauty of its outline than in grandeur of effect

The Delight of Tout Paris

SOON, JEALOUSLY, TO BE LENT TO LONDON

Photograph *Walery, Paris*

The Russian dancer, Napierkowska, has been acclaimed in Paris as the most accomplished and fascinating artist ever seen in that city. Journalists have been responsible for columns of verbal ecstasy provoked by her pirouettings. It is good news that she is before long to be seen at the Palace Theatre, London

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

MISS RATTON'S PROFESSION

BY HUMPHREY BOWEN

A London square steamed wet at night. Rain had ceased falling, but so heavy had been the downpour that there were still pools on the wet pavements. The white light from the lamps shone yellowly in the water. The trees in the garden that lay in the centre of the square held their heads high in the gloom. The sky was pitch black, though, by watching closely, one might see movement in it.

Through the water swirled a great, closed motor-car. Two enormous headlights lit up its path, but there was no gleam from the windows so closely did the thick blinds fit. The car pulled up outside a great house, also in darkness, save for a soft light in the hall. The chauffeur sounded his horn twice, and the front door was immediately opened. Down the steps ran two flunkeys with a long strip of matting, which they laid across the streaming pavement from the door to the step of the car. Immediately the latter opened and a girl stepped delicately out.

She was dressed entirely in white, her big silk manteau being trimmed with ermine. Her face was concealed by the upturned collar of her cloak, but as she hurried into the house the lifting of her frock revealed two tiny satin-shod feet and the daintiest of ankles. A man now stepped from the car into the pool of rose-tinted light that the lamps of the interior spread on the pavement. He was heavily built, and walked with some difficulty. He muttered some instructions to his chauffeur, and followed the girl into the house.

One of the flunkeys now entered the car and extinguished the lights. Then, with his fellow-servant, he rolled up the matting and went indoors.

Immediately the door of the car was shut, a peculiar thing happened. The small, slight, black-clad figure of a man apparently sprung up from nowhere. He might have been riding on the back axle, so mysterious was his sudden appearance in the square, which, prior to the arrival of the car, had been absolutely deserted. As the flunkey shut the door on the pavement side, this stranger noiselessly opened the one opposite. He slipped stealthily in and shut the door quietly after him. In another second the car was on its way to the garage. . . . . .

The chauffeur that night was very wet and in a very bad temper. He had been kept waiting an extravagant time by his master, and was conscious of having caught a bad chill. Hence, when he arrived at the garage two streets away, he did no more than drive his machine under cover and take himself off home to bed, leaving the car, wet and muddy as it was, to be cleaned up on the following morning.

Once the door of the garage had clanged and the key had been turned in the lock, the man concealed in the car bestirred himself. He stepped quietly out on to the floor and produced a dark lantern. A light-footed search revealed to him that he was in a very small, brick-floored room, which held only one other car beside that in which he had stolen a ride. There was a loft in the room, but no door other than that through which the car had been driven.

He now returned to the wet and muddy automobile and switched on the electric lights in its interior. An ejaculation of surprise escaped him, and he promptly got in and closed the door after him.

Nothing more sumptuous in the way of travelling conveyances could well be imagined. The seats were not fitted to the back or sides of the car. They stood away from the walls, and were lounges of a character that would satisfy the laziest clubman. The upholstery was old-rose in colour, and the material was of the silkiest description. In the centre of the floor was a revolving table-cabinet, equipped with bottles of spirits, minerals, and all smoking materials. Flowers, still fresh, hung from pockets in the walls.

The man drank it all in with appreciative eyes, and stretched himself out in the seat nearest to the cabinet.

He was a good-looking young fellow of about twenty-five years of age, and, from his appearance, might have been anything from an athletic curate to a professional cricketer. It was not long before, with white, tapering fingers, he was manipulating the locks of the cabinet. A long Corona was soon in his mouth, and a stiff whisky and soda by his side. Nearly an hour passed pleasantly enough for the occupant of the car. He smoked and drank with an enjoyment that did justice to the property of the car's owner. It was with some reluctance that he drained his glass and threw the remainder of his cigar away in response to a soft whistle from the street.

Extinguishing the lights, he made his way to the door of the garage, and, with a bunch of skeleton keys, started operations on the lock. Barely five minutes was sufficient. The door swung open to admit a closely veiled figure, and was promptly closed again.

"Bravo, Rolsch," said the new-comer, in a distinctly feminine voice.

"Thank you, miss, but it was easy work."

Rolsch switched on the lights in the interior of the car. As the new-comer stepped in she revealed two tiny, satin-shod feet, and the daintiest of ankles, exactly the same feet that barely an hour and a half before had left the car for the house in the square.

"Rolsch, you've been smoking!"

"Beg pardon, Miss Ratton, but it was a way of filling up time."

"All right, Rolsch, I don't blame you. Now, let's get away as quickly as possible."

"Yes, miss, but you'll put out the lights first."

"No, it isn't necessary. The blinds shut in the light. No one can see a gleam."

She pulled the necessary switches, and Rolsch saw that, from the outside, the car was in utter darkness.

Without another word, the man climbed into the

(All rights strictly reserved)

driver's seat and drove the car to the door. He opened the latter boldly, drove through, returned to close it, and shot away through an empty street.

The girl within sat with her hands clutching her face until she realised that the car was well away. Then she rose and proceeded deliberately to undress herself. From a roomy bag that she had brought with her, she took a dressing gown and wrapped herself in it. Then she turned her attention to the mechanism of one of the big lounges, which, in the twinkling of an eye, was transformed into a couch. On this she spread herself, and, in a few moments, was serenely sleeping.

. . . . . .

The Right Honourable Arthur Ellison, His Majesty's Foreign Secretary, ate very little breakfast on the following morning. He had barely sat down to the table when the news was brought him, first, that his pretty ward, Dorothy Ratton, had disappeared, and, secondly, that his chauffeur, on repairing early to the garage to clean the car, had found the machine missing.

Mr. Ellison was dumbfounded, to put his feelings mildly. The two disappearances obviously must be connected; but why Dorothy should have run away passed his powers to guess. The girl had been ostensibly quite happy with him since she joined his household a year ago, and he could think of no love affair of hers that could supply a possible cue. He hated the idea of going to Scotland Yard, but obviously something must be done. The girl might have been kidnapped and need his help, though there appeared little likelihood of this, judging from the fact that she had made obvious preparations to leave.

Dorothy had been bequeathed to him by Ratton, an old 'Varsity friend of his, whom he had not seen since the Rattons' marriage. Mrs. Ratton had died in tragic circumstances, and Ratton, since her death, had spent his time wandering from city to city on the Continent with his little girl. A letter, written on Ratton's deathbed, and presented subsequently to Mr. Ellison by the dead man's pretty daughter, had so touched the bachelor Foreign Secretary that he had willingly undertaken the guardianship of Dorothy and installed her as mistress of his home. Now, after a year of seeming content, she had repaid his kindness by deserting him without a word of warning or regret.

She was, of course, independent from a financial point of view. Her affairs were in the hands of a firm of solicitors in Berlin, and Mr. Ellison was aware that her fortune was considerable. As the girl was over twenty-one when he offered her a home at her father's request, Mr. Ellison had not been troubled with her business affairs, and knew next to nothing as to the origin of her obviously plentiful income.

He had no one to whom he might go for sympathy. He had no real friend to whom he might pour out his tale of woe. Detectives and reporters were not in the least concerned with his sufferings. Therefore, for some time he confined himself to his house and saw no one whom he could possibly avoid.

On the evening of the second day after Miss Ratton's disappearance, Mr. Ellison sat alone in his study, his hands gripping the arms of his chair, his eyes gazing vacantly into space. His telephone bell rang, and he rose languidly to answer the call.

It was from the Foreign Office. He had not been to Whitehall during these two days.

"Yes, Strahan, I'm Ellison. What is it? The Cabinet Meeting to-morrow morning? No; I have not forgotten. I have had M.'s answer. Yes; I have all the papers. If you care to call round this evening after dinner we can discuss it finally. Good-bye. No; there is no news of her. Good-bye."

The old man ate a very poor dinner. He missed, far more than he would have imagined, the pretty presence and bright conversation of the runaway.

Mr. Strahan, the Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, arrived while his chief still sat at the dinner table. Mr. Ellison was a little surprised to see him so soon, but promptly led the way to the study.

"I was anxious about you, Ellison. This extraordinary disappearance must have been worrying you intensely, and it has occurred at a time when you want to concentrate on most important diplomatic affairs."

"I should be obliged if you would avoid the topic, Strahan. I can do nothing. The girl obviously went of her own free will, and, if she is suffering, she has only herself to thank. Now, I expect you are anxious to hear what M.'s answer was to my note."

"Indeed I am."

"He wrote privately, of course, but he declares that he can speak authoritatively for his Government. The Treaty, as drafted, exactly as you last saw it, is acceptable. They suggest one or two minor alterations, and, of course, stipulate for extreme secrecy."

"Naturally. Well, it is a triumph for you, Ellison. England has, in my opinion, never secured such pledges from another nation. Once signed, that Treaty must ensure British supremacy for at least another hundred years."

"It is a coup, I suppose," replied Ellison, smiling slightly, "though, between you and me, our new friend's decision is scarcely honourable in view of her former contracts with other Powers."

"There is no honour left in diplomacy. The most abhorrent tricks are practised every day. Let me see what are the alterations they suggest."

"Certainly." Ellison unlocked a safe and took from a secret drawer, concealed in it, a long, thin key. With this he opened a funnily shaped door in the overmantel, partly wood and partly glass. Behind the door was a shallow cupboard, from which Ellison took a long, stout envelope.

Strahan took the missive eagerly and pulled out two papers, one a large parchment sheet and the other an ordinary quarto strip of notepaper. First of all, he glanced at the parchment, unfolded it, and then, with a look of surprise, passed it over to Ellison.

"That's only a blank sheet. Where is the Treaty?"

"Eh? Blank? So it is! He must have made a mistake. Or perhaps I——"

"Read this," said Strahan, grimly.

The Under-Secretary held out the quarto sheet.

"That's M.'s letter, isn't it?"

"It is not."

"NOT!" Ellison took the paper nervously, and read these extraordinary lines:

"When you read this you will have discovered your loss. I beg that you will allow me to say that I am sorry for you, because you have been most kind to me for a year. I feel the loss that this will mean to

(Continued on page 38)

By the Light of the Moon

Photograph *Alec J. Braid*

SARDINE BOATS LYING OFF THE QUAY AT DOUARENENEZ

In Brittany the fishing boats are for the most part owned by the crews. They are greatly overmanned, and the profits divided between the skipper and his merry men are generally infinitesimal. The craft themselves are very primitive, with leaky hulls, rotten cordage, and canvas patched and patched again. One sardine craft at Douarenenez boasts of nothing more than a shaft of a cart for the mast

(Continued from page 36)

your reputation very keenly; but, alas! to hurt others, even those we may love best, is one of the duties of my profession. To save you the trouble of inquiry, I may tell you that I am not Miss Ratton. She and her father are both dead, and buried in Berlin. The letter I brought you, purporting to come from Mr. Ratton, was a forgery."

There was no signature, but the letter was in the handwriting of Mr. Ellison's recent guest.

"You have been robbed."

The elder man sat staring at the letter.

"Robbed! Dorothy! What was she?"

"A secret service agent, obviously. Both M.'s letter and the draft of the Treaty are now in the hands of the Power that, above all others, was to have been kept in the dark."

"As bad as that!"

"The thing has been done too cleverly to leave a loophole for failure. These papers were substituted for the real ones handed to you by the King's Messenger at the Prime Minister's reception that night. She may have done it as you drove home together in the car. She had accomplices, because she could not drive a car—at least as far as you know. The car was used to get them away to the coast, probably in the north. Lady passengers by late night or early morning trains are noticeable, and porters may remember their destinations. No clues were left. They took your car because the purchase or hire of a sufficiently good one for the purpose would have been dangerous. The personalities of the purchasers or hirers might not be forgotten. Besides, the young woman knew the supreme excellence of your machine, and that it could be relied upon for what was doubtless a long and fast journey. Ellison, this means war!"

"Strahan, Strahan—surely." The old Minister rose to his feet.

"The Power which now holds that letter of M.'s and the draft of the secret Treaty is in a position to accuse another Power, our prospective secret allies, of treachery to the Triple Alliance. And not only to accuse, but to prove. A general European war may be the result!"

Mr. Ellison sank back in his chair and buried his face in his hands.

"And I am responsible," he almost sobbed.

"We must take steps at once. Everyone must be warned. Indeed, it may be wiser on our part to strike first. Get on the telephone to the Prime Minister, I will——"

There was an urgent knocking at the door.

"Come in, come in," cried Strahan, without waiting for his chief's approval.

The butler looked excited.

"A detective-inspector, sir, with important news."

"Send him in."

The two men exchanged an anxious glance. In a moment, a squat, bullet-headed, little chap stood before them. His complexion denoted that he drank, and his general appearance suggested conspicuous unintelligence.

"Regret to say, gentlemen, the young lady's found. There's been an accident. Coastguard, a mile south of Steenhaven, found your car smashed up at the foot of a cliff. Young lady dead and her companion. Young man, foreign type, plenty of money on him."

"How do you know that it is Miss Ratton?"

"Not certain, sir. Remains difficult to identify."

"Anything—found—on the body?" The two Ministers hung on the answer. The lives of thousands depended on it.

"Yes, sir. This sealed envelope and some foreign letters. Can you ident——" But Strahan had whipped the long, sealed envelope from his hand.

He gave it to Mr. Ellison, who tore it open.

The Foreign Secretary clutched the contents to his heart.

"Yes, yes," he said; "it must be Miss Ratton."

"Thank you, sir. I will report to that effect."

The man turned on his heels and left the room.

"Mr. Ellison," said Strahan, as soon as the man was gone, "lock up those damned papers and get brandy and cigars."

Presently they talked about golf.

HUMPHREY BOWEN

THE FINISH OF "I PAGLIACCI" AT THE HIPPODROME

This picture shows the tragic "dénouement" in "I Pagliacci" at the Hippodrome, where Signor Leoncavallo, the famous composer, is personally conducting his own company. The scene is that in which Pagliaccio, a wandering player, has, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed his wife, who is a member of his little company, and also her lover, who is among the rustic audience.

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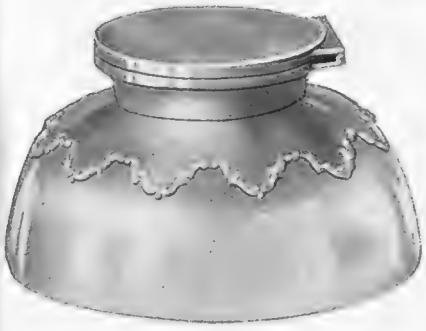

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MATTERS MUSICAL

THE PASSING OF ORATORIO

Prophets in Evening Dress

Most people have read in the papers that Mr. Manners has arranged to produce Mendelssohn's *Elijah* as an opera. And there have been discussions about it *ad lib*: as to how the Censor was "squared," as to the suitability of the music to the theatre, and as to the respective reverential attributes of the Prophet in an evening shirt and white waistcoat on the platform and the Prophet in a hair shirt and black false beard on the stage. But all this, exciting as it may be, is not the main point of interest as it seems to me. The question is rather, Does this departure herald the approaching funeral of oratorio as an art-form? Dust to dust, earth to earth, and oratorio to opera! For very many people forget that oratorio and opera were one in the beginning. May I be permitted to refresh their memories?

Oratorio through the Centuries

Oratorio derived both its name and existence from the activities of a certain St. Philip Neri, who flourished towards the end of the sixteenth century; but the first true example of the form is not found till 1600, with music by Cavalieri, a regular ballet and four solo dancers to cut capers! The same year witnessed the performance of the first true opera, and the twins grew up together in such remarkable intimacy that the greatest living authority on Scarlatti (who lived about a century later) remarks that, "except that his operas are in three acts and his oratorios in two, the only difference is the absence of professedly comic characters."

Victorian Crimes Under Religion's Name

So much for Italy and infancy. Let us turn to England, to whom belongs the dubious credit of having fathered the adolescence, and mothered it too, for the matter of that, because what is known as "modern" oratorio has always flourished peculiarly in England. For this Handel was primarily responsible, as for most of the other musical disasters that have overtaken this country; but in justice to him it must be said that he only turned to oratorios because he could not make operas pay, and he wanted to keep his theatre open in Lent. Incidentally, too, he wrote, amid a lot of rubbish, some extraordinarily fine music—say two numbers in every oratorio (and there are twenty-one volumes of these), perhaps even half a dozen in *The Messiah*. But by his example he exposed his adopted country to an attack of musical paralysis, from which it has never quite recovered. Gaul, Stainer, Barnby, Macfarren! Think of all the hours of terrible boredom those names have been responsible for. Think of the merits of a school of music among which a work like *Elijah* enjoys a just pre-eminence! Many crimes have been committed in the name of religion, but few more horrible than the perpetration of that "religious" music which tickled the respectable piety of our Victorian forbears. So that I, for one, hail the prospective dissolution of oratorio with delight. Of course, I am not referring to the truly religious or philosophical oratorio such as Bach wrote; this will remain, as always, the most suitable mode of expression for composers of a certain temperament. But for the quasi-Biblical, quasi-dramatic hotch-potch which has sat on our English concert-halls like a broody hen for so many years I refuse to heave a single sigh of regret. Let it return to the theatre, whence it came, that there it may be weighed in the theatrical balance and found wanting. The difficulty is to make the average Englishman realise that, musically speaking, *Carmen* is superior to *St. Paul*. Yet so it is, and in twenty years' time any other opinion will be incomprehensible to anybody of common intelligence.

Photographs] A VIENNESE REMINISCENCE OF "CHANTECLER" [*Jobst*

The Weisenthal sisters, who were so popular in London, are now in Vienna, and delighting the playgoers of that artistic city with some new bird dances reminiscent of "Chantecler"

Max Reinhardt to the Rescue

That oratorio, transplanted to its native stage, may again flourish is not only likely, but probable, for does not that excellent oratorio, *Samson et Dalila*, by Saint-Saëns, so long mistaken for an opera by the gullible, speak eloquently of future possibilities? But for the Victorian hybrids I see little future. Perhaps their only hope lies in the Albert Hall, where they may be given, like Greek plays, in the arena. There the atmosphere would be appropriate, the example of Max Reinhardt's *Œdipus* at Covent Garden encouraging, and the performances funny without being vulgar—which is precisely the reverse of the case at present.

FRANCIS TOYE

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GOLF

Mr. Hilton Recovers the Ashes

Like our old friend Julius Cæsar, Mr. Hilton might well exclaim "*Veni, Vidi, Vici*," for from start to finish his friendly invasion of the United States has been a triumphant success. It was no easy task that our gallant little champion set himself when he decided to cross the "herring-pond" for the recovery of the ashes which Mr. Travis took away with him seven years ago. American golf has come on by leaps and bounds since then, and we were able at Prestwick to judge of this improvement by watching the finished mastery which Mr. "Chick" Evans, one of the leading players of the rising American golfing generation, displayed in all departments of the game. As Mr. Evans had not yet succeeded in winning the American Amateur Championship we could deduce the fact that the form of the leading men over there was absolutely in the front rank. It would have been matter for no surprise, if for infinite regret, if Mr. Hilton had failed in his quest.

Psychological Element in Golf

Apart from the intrinsic quality of the field he had to meet under strange surroundings and unaccustomed climatic conditions, there was a potent psychological element in the affair which confronted Mr. Hilton. A great reputation is, no doubt, a valuable asset, but it may also be a serious handicap. All I ask any of my readers to do is to put himself, in imagination, in Mr. Hilton's place and to conceive the strain on his nerves of having to live up to the reputation of the winner of the Amateur Championship and the almost-winner of the Open Championship. I am told that Mr. Travis in his *Magazine* had summed up Mr. Hilton's chances, and had decided against him. His grounds for this judgment were twofold—first, because he himself had easily beaten Mr. Hilton at Sandwich in 1904, and, secondly, because, although he felt he was playing just as well now as then, still he was unable to win the American Amateur Championship. He therefore came to the conclusion that the standard of American golf had greatly risen, and that the American amateur golfer was superior to the British article.

LAURELS FOR THE BRITISH CHAMPION

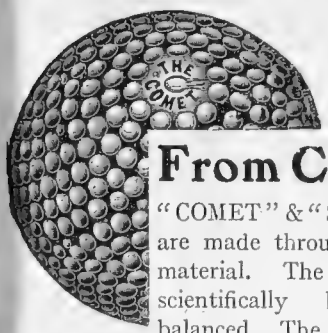
Mr. H. H. Hilton being presented with the gold medal after his notable victory in the United States Golf Championship. He is described as a player without "nerves," which means a great deal in the strain of 36-hole contests

Golf and "Nerves"

In arriving at this judgment Mr. Travis left out of consideration two very important factors, to wit, *anno domini* and the recovery by Mr. Hilton of his old form. Mr. Travis was already forty-two when he won our Championship, and seven years have elapsed since then. The difference between forty-two and forty-nine is considerable, and is sharply accentuated in a series of exhausting thirty-six holes matches. When, too, Mr. Travis beat Mr. Hilton in 1904 that player, owing to ill-health, was but a shadow of his former self. If Mr. Travis had consulted Mr. Evans before he put pen to paper he might have been saved from a criticism which the event has made entirely foolish. From the very outset Mr. Hilton gave proof that the difficulties and strangeness of his surroundings had no terrors for him. In spite of the loss of his favourite "Gem" putter, which helped him to win at Prestwick and very nearly assisted him into the first place at Sandwich, he soon showed the Americans the stuff he was made of by registering a 73 in a practice round over the Apawamis course, the scene of the tournament. This he followed by returning scores of 76 and 74 in the qualifying scoring competition, and thus winning the gold medal for the aggregate score, three better than the nearest American. Then one by one he disposed of successive antagonists, never, so far as the confused accounts in our Press can be trusted, being down at any stage to any of his opponents.

Beating His Critic by Proxy

One supreme satisfaction was denied him. He missed meeting Mr. Travis, although by beating Mr. Travers, who had on the previous day disposed of Mr. Travis, he may be said constructively to have beaten his former adversary and present critic. The final was a Homeric struggle with Mr. Herreshoff. Finishing the first round four up, and having increased that lead in the first few holes of the second round to six up and being still six up with only thirteen to play, Mr. Hilton must have felt quite safe. Then came a most dramatic and disconcerting change. Setting his teeth, Mr. Herreshoff, with extraordinary pluck and superb play, picked off hole after hole of



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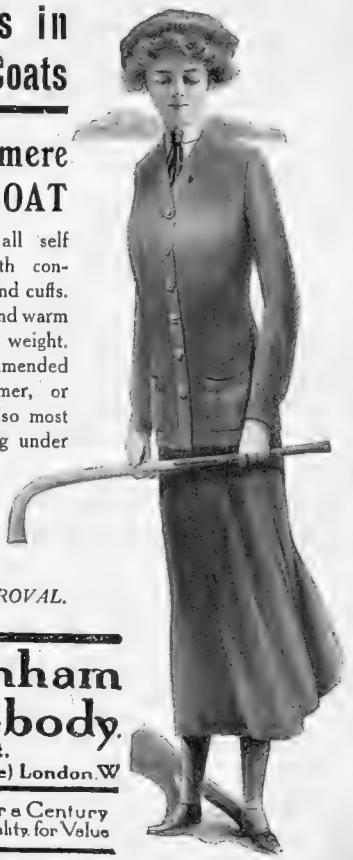

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THE BYSTANDER, October 4, 1911.

Mr. Hilton's lead till, with only two holes to play, the players were all-square. I can imagine Mr. Hilton in this crisis remembering the famous struggle between Mr. Hutchings and Mr. Fry in 1902. Finally a thirty-seventh hole had to be played, a hole which Mr. Hilton won with the assistance of a lucky kick from a rock after a pushed approach. All honour to Mr. Herreshoff for his splendid fight, and a thousand cheers for our splendid two-fold champion, Mr. Hilton.

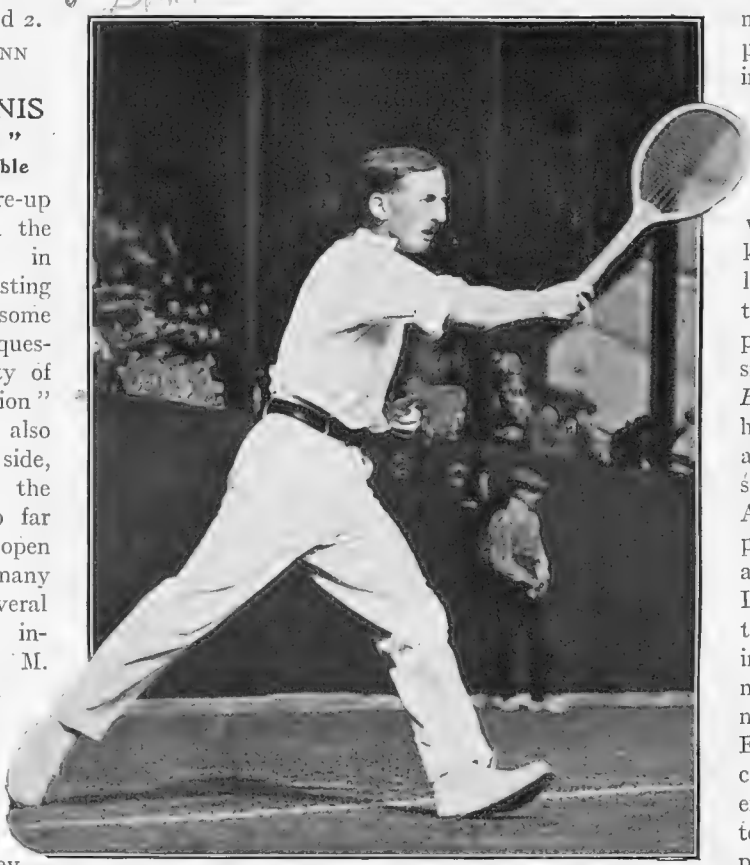
P.S.—Since I wrote the above, news of a fresh triumph by Mr. Hilton has reached us. On the National Course at Shinnecock Hills, the course laid out by Mr. Macdonald, to which I referred last week, Mr. Hilton won an invitation tournament, defeating Mr. "Chick" Evans in the final by 3 and 2.

ERNEST LEHMANN

LAWN TENNIS

The "Invitation" Tournament Quibble

The recent flare-up in connection with the tournament held in Baden is interesting because it throws some light upon the question of the legality of so-called "invitation" tournaments. It also has its amusing side, for it has led to the "suspension"—so far as playing in open competition in Germany is concerned—of several English players, including Miss A. M. Morton and Mrs. Hall Walker, who were, no doubt, in blissful ignorance of the fact that, by competing in the tournament, they were transgressing against the laws of the German Lawn Tennis Association. The facts, put as shortly as possible, are as follows: In Germany, as in England, a tournament open to all comers may not be held without the sanction of the governing body of the game—in this case the German Lawn Tennis *Bund*. There has been a tournament in Baden for some years past, but owing to certain irregularities in connection with last year's meeting the application to hold one this year was refused. It seems that, nevertheless, the promoters of the tournament were determined to hold it, and the plan they hit upon was to call it a private tournament, in which players could only compete by invitation. Now, this is a dodge which has been tried on before. When you come to think of it, an invitation tournament is just the same thing as an open tournament if invitations are available for any player of average ability who wants to compete, and the German *Bund*, realising this, passed a regulation a couple of years ago to the effect that an invitation tournament was to count as an open tournament, and must, therefore, be deemed to be subject to the regulations of the *Bund*, unless some special reason could be shown for treating it as a purely private or local meeting. There is no doubt whatever that the Baden meeting was an illegal one, for there was no special reason why it should be exempt from the regulations of the *Bund*.



Photograph *Sport and General*

LIEUT. A. R. F. KINGSCOTE, R.A.

Who has won the South of England Championship at Eastbourne, defeating the Australian, Mr. S. N. Doust, in the final. Mr. Kingscote is the Army Champion

A Useful Precedent

Whether the promoters of the meeting knew that they were transgressing the law is, perhaps, a moot point. According to the German official paper there is abundant evidence that they must have known. However that may be, two German players of high standing were playing in the tournament who are actually members of the Committee of the *Bund*. They, one would think, *must* have known, and it rather looks as if they thought that they were such great players that they could snap their fingers at the *Bund*. But the *Bund* has suspended them, and one is inclined to say, "Sarve 'em right!" As for the English players they stand on a different footing. As I have already said, they probably sinned in innocence, and I do not suppose for a moment that the English Association will consider it necessary to extend their suspension to England. The important thing is that the German *Bund* has seen through the transparent device of holding an unauthorised meeting by calling it an "invitation" meeting; has declared such a device to be illegal; and has boldly stamped on the first attempt to put it into practice in the face of a good deal of adverse comment. It has established a precedent which may quite possibly prove of great value to our own Association in the future.

Our Hunting Supplement

Of the many Supplements annually presented by "The Bystander" probably the most popular is that which deals with the Hunting Season. This year the Supplement will occupy an additional twenty pages of the paper, and will be presented with the issue of October 11. It will be brilliantly written and full of seasonable illustrations. As before, Mr. Arthur Coaten will be responsible for the letterpress. The price of the paper (plus the Supplement) will be sixpence, as usual.

Racing Notions: Newbury and Kempton. By CARBINE

Swynford

First a word of regret for the lamentable disaster which has overtaken Swynford, and a fervent hope that he may yet be saved for the Stud, as the total loss of such a magnificent horse would be little short of a national catastrophe—at least, that is what breeders of bloodstock will tell you. Many BYSTANDER readers must have heard of the accident with special regret, for Swynford has always been one of our favourites. We followed him in his victories at Liverpool and Doncaster last season, and again at Sandown this season, where he affirmed the opinion expressed in these pages that he was the grandest horse of his day. How much was Swynford worth prior to his accident? I should say from £40,000 to £50,000. A vast sum, you will exclaim. True, but £56,000 was refused for Bayardo, and I look upon Swynford as quite as fine a thoroughbred as Mr. Fairie's horse.

The Newbury Cup

This promises to be one of the most interesting weeks of the season. There are excellent meetings at Newbury and Kempton, and two of the chief autumn handicaps will be decided. In the Newbury Cup on Wednesday we are confronted with the usual difficulty of finding the right horse among the contingent trained in the Manton stable. This time I think it will be Admiral Togo III., who must go extremely near winning if he can display anything like the form he showed at this time last year. Recent form is usually good to follow, and I am accordingly expecting Yellow Slave to do well here. Claretoi's chance, too, should be respected, as he is one of the most genuine stayers in the race. Of the three I select **Yellow Slave**, and take Admiral Togo III. as my second string. On the same afternoon the top-weights in the Autumn Stakes have to give a good deal away, and I think **Tuxedo** is the danger to them. On the following afternoon the Kingsclere Stakes would be a great event if Prince Palatine were brought out to oppose **Stedfast**. The weights at which they would meet justify one in picking Lord Derby's colt. **Sandwort** may win the Highclere Nursery.

Kempton Prospects

A big crowd will, as usual, be attracted to this popular meeting by the Duke of York Stakes on Saturday. Here is our old friend Mustapha again, the horse who has cost backers a mint of money. I suppose once more he will be heavily supported, and it may be his turn at last, but if form and weight count for anything he will not beat **Wolfe Land**, who I believe will repeat last season's success. **Long Set** I regard as being next best. On the same day **Mr. Peeper** may secure the big nursery race. **Rattlejack** is my selection for the Imperial Produce Plate on Friday, and **Grammont** for the Coventry Plate. As for the Cesarewitch I have no reason to change my original opinion that Mirador and Martingale II. are the most likely candidates, and for those who like "long shots" Martingale II. and Hornet's Beauty seem to offer a promising combination.

Shooting Notions: "Fly-in-the-Eye" and Pourboires

Our Infallible Grandfathers

I know of few things more troublesome when shooting than to get a fly in one's eye. This equally applies to fishing, where such unwelcome visitors are even more frequent than when shooting. Most of all, however, does one experience this when motoring. As so often happens nowadays, motor-cars are greatly used for getting to the moor. If, then, one happens to get a fly or flies in the eyes, owing to not putting on goggles, the tendency is to rub the eye at once, with the result that it becomes very sore and inflamed. Now, in shooting the very last thing one desires is anything wrong with the eyes, for it is impossible either to enjoy the sport or to do good work. A simple remedy which is immediately efficacious is the application of a little castor oil. To carry in one's pocket a tiny bottle containing a little of this, with a small camel's hair brush stuck into the cork so that the brush is in the oil when the bottle is corked, is quite a simple thing to do. Directly a fly gets into the eye, instead of rubbing or closing it, whip out the bottle, and draw the brush gently across the eye. The oil, owing to its glutinous nature, gets hold of the fly, and it is, therefore, easy to get rid of it at once, and there is neither soreness nor inflammation left. How much better is this than getting someone to put the corner of a handkerchief in one's eye and to mess about until the squashed insect is removed, leaving behind the poison which causes the pain. People may laugh at my suggestion, as at other old-fashioned remedies which our grandparents invariably used, but I think these good people knew what they were about, and their simple cures were the quickest and best.

Shooting Tips

The vexed question of shooting tips will, I suppose, never be properly settled. I am not going to argue as to whether tips are right or wrong; it is sufficient they exist, and are, I suppose, lineally descended from the old feudal custom of distributing *largesse*. Tipping is a bugbear; it enters into everyday life morn, noon, and eve. Go where you will, there it stands facing one, and has to be met. The country-house guest would find an hotel cheaper; he is further worried all his visit to know what to give. If only hosts would tell their guests how much each servant expects it would be a great relief, especially when shooting, and so save agitated secret conferences with bated breath behind hedges as to the amount the head-keeper and the under-keepers are to have. Better still, why not a printed tariff list of tips enclosed in all letters of invitation and posted up in each bedroom. Thus at the end of the visit the butler hands you your bill, you and your cheque or cash are ready, the bill receipted, you say adieu, gracefully raise your hat to the hostess, wave your hand to your host, and your last recollection of the castle is the butler bowing you a friendly farewell with a pleased and stately smile, and everyone merry and bright, more or less. Hosts, please note, and hurry up. LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

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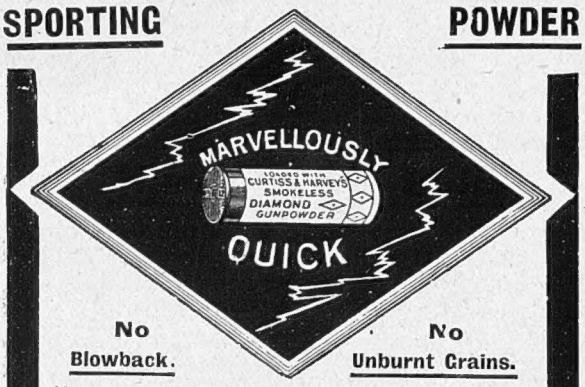

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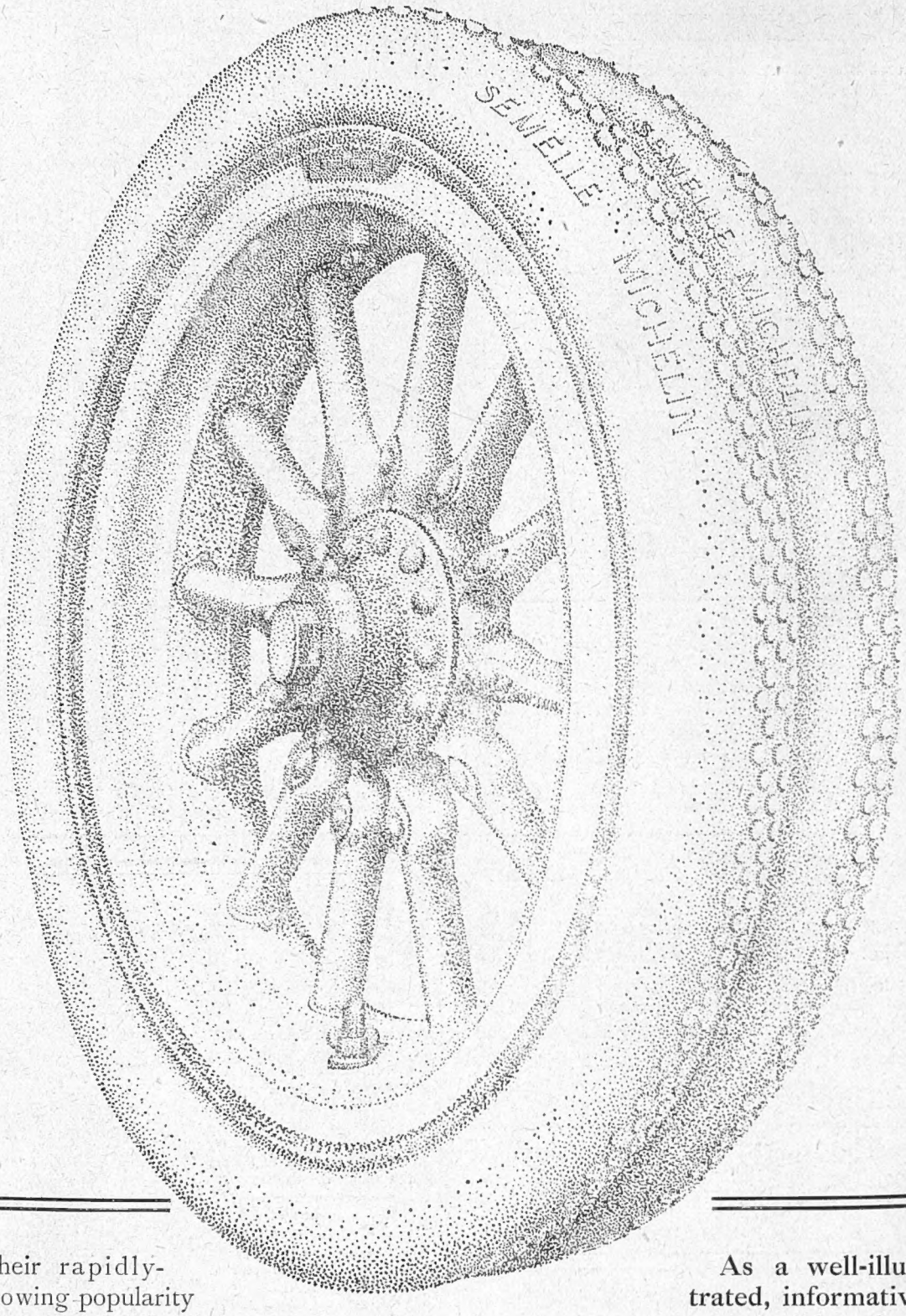

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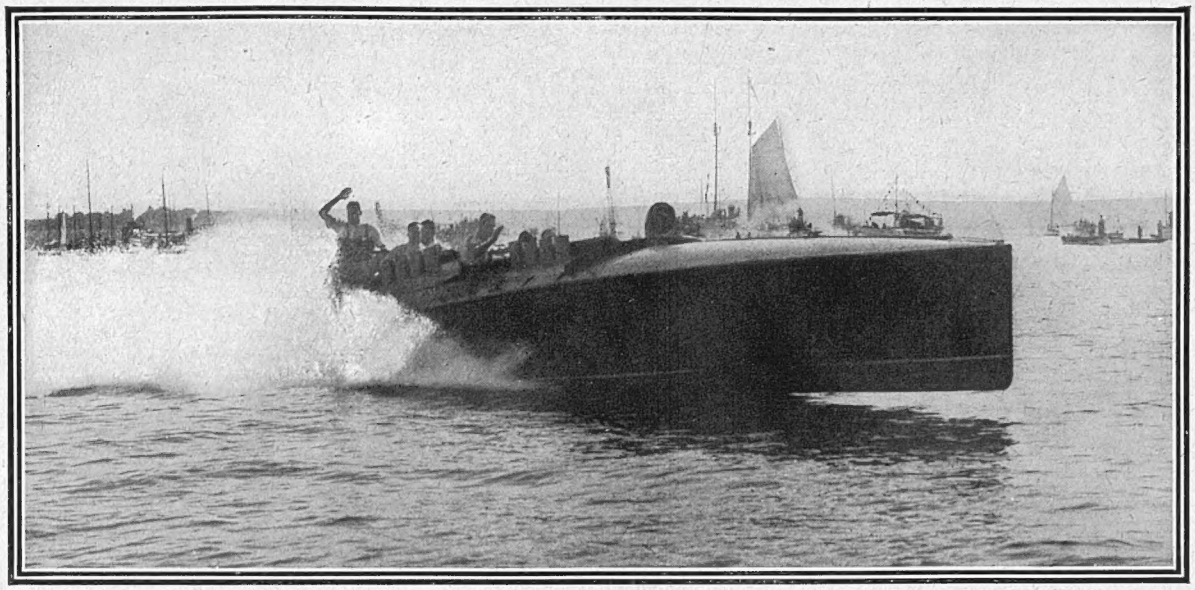
MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY



WORLD'S FASTEST MOTOR CRAFT

"Dixie IV." beating the British challenger for the Harmsworth Cup, and thus winning the World's Championship for speed. The races were for the best two out of three. The winning American boat is shown with her bows half out of water, an evidence of great speed

The Year's Work

On the whole, it has been an excellent year for the motor industry. Every manufacturer announces publicly that he has done exceeding well. There may be some who are discontented; but that is not for publication. Discontent is, however, a good thing. It is sometimes called divine—generally by the man who is entirely complaisant! The more discontent there is in the motor industry, the more potent the antidote to apathy and the stimulant to progress. But the industry *has* had one of its best years, and we have several causes for congratulation. First, that the appetite of the British market continues keen. Second, that the general advance in efficiency is maintained. Third, and this particularly, that, notwithstanding the growing intensity of foreign competition, the British vehicle improves its position in public favour. In a free field, against low prices from the West and high reputation from the East, the British product holds more than its own. Moreover, there are signs that some serious attempt is to be made to fight cheap imports. This is gratifying as an expression of enterprise. I do not suppose that we can to-day produce a car to compete on price alone. The conditions of British manufacture and the size of the market are all against it. Certainly price is not everything. Quite as certainly the British motorist would prefer the British vehicle if he had the evidence of full value for the additional cost. But he must have full value. Any manufacturer who relies upon national sentiment, or any other than the factor of value, to sell his goods, is likely to have a shock.

The Present Programme

Price, however, is of first importance to the man of strictly limited means. It is fatuous to emphasise the advantages of a £300 British car to the potential motorist whose outside limit is £200. The success of the most successful American car in this country is directly due to the fact that it appeals to the £200 man. It has been operating in a market of its own. The result has been that nearly 2,000 of that make of car have been sold this year in the United Kingdom. Now, we may be doing a splendid business with cars at £300 and upwards, but I imagine we should not object to capturing the £200 motorist also. The extent to which we are able to compete will duly appear at the Olympia Exhibition, which opens on the 3rd proximo. That Show promises to be one of the most interesting of its series. THE BYSTANDER will deal with it with customary thoroughness in special supplements later. It is sufficient, therefore, to make congratulatory comment here upon the evidences of the British car's prosperity and of the British manufacturer's awakening to the possibilities of the cheap car market. I suspect, of course, that there is still a considerable margin for the American manufacturer to play with. When we can produce a car equal to, or better than, his at £200 he can doubtless reduce his price quite materially. But we have secured so much additional business, and presently, perhaps, we may go after our competitor still further. The £200 market, and the endeavour to keep our end up against the Continental car which does not pretend to compete specially on price, but which still manages to take a large share of our trade, will keep us sufficiently busy for the present.

A Flight Fiasco

A naval airship which cannot fly and is rather less of a success as a "sailer" may have points. So may Barrow Dock as a depository for national treasure—£100,000 worth of it. But they cannot be enthusiastically acclaimed as good. Doubtless our naval airship No. 1 could both fly and swim; but doubtless it never did either worth talking about. The idea was that it should be used as an accessory during the fact of war. It never got as far as an accessory before the fact. Before it could have been of any assistance we

should have had to revise the rules of war to provide for a three months' notice of the commencement of hostilities. This might have presented difficulties. Many years ago a wag, probably long since dead, announced that this same dirigible, then waiting for a favourable opportunity for launching, had been officially christened the Mayfly. The statement was much denied. The event has justified the denial and proved the wag to have been over-optimistic. On the whole, naval airship No. 1 was well-advised in breaking its own back. It probably saved its crew from breaking theirs. So that we may say of it that nothing became it in life so much as its manner of leaving it. There will be few to regret the end. The chief regret will be that the end did not come sooner. Much treasure might have been saved thereby. But, then, the saving would doubtless have been frittered away on other dirigibles. Every one we have had has made plain its impotency. Every one we may have will underline the lesson. One day, perhaps, authority will learn that lesson and devote what money may be available to the development of the aeroplane. But that is merely hope.

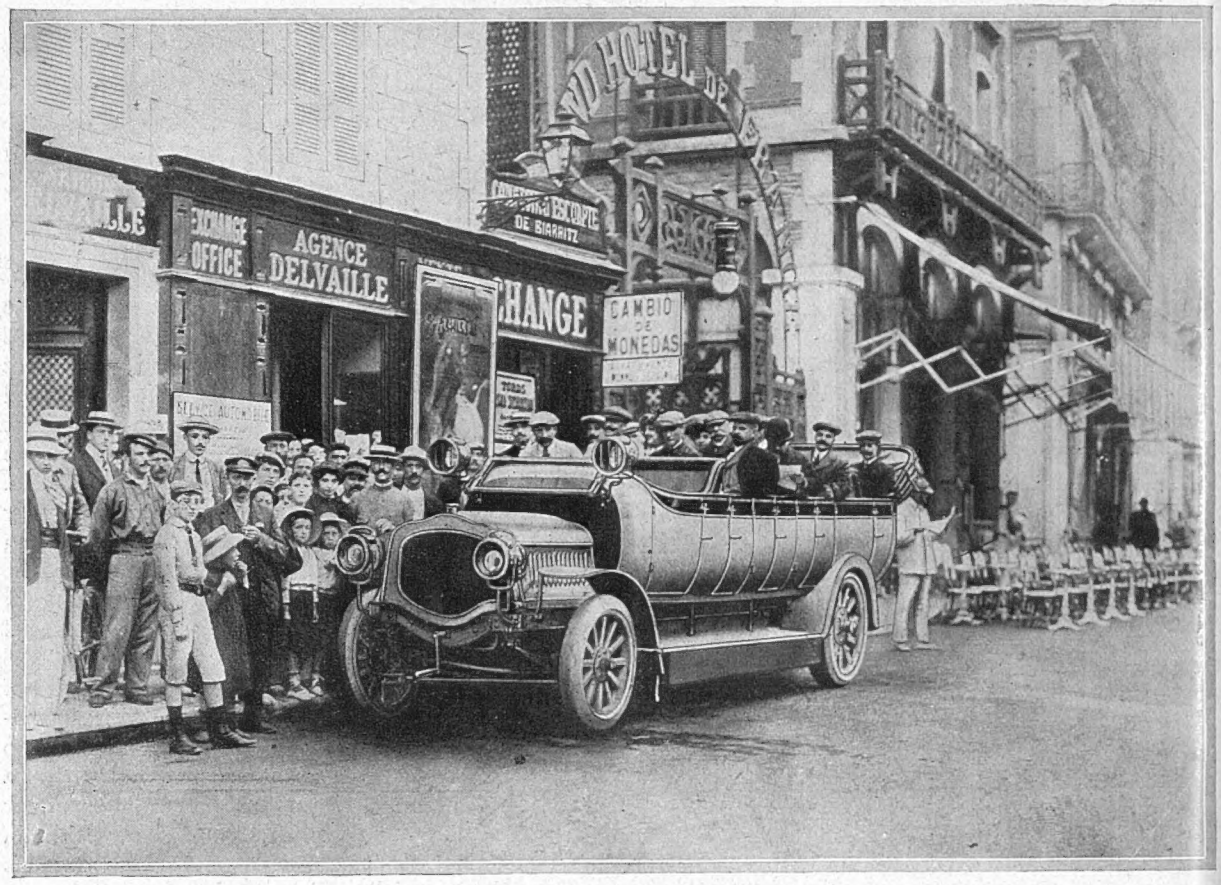
In Compression

Messrs. Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth and Co., Ltd., have received a communication from the Secretary of the Manchester Motor Club informing them that, owing to a mistake, their 15-20 h.-p. Armstrong-Whitworth car, driven by Mr. Slaney, was placed fourth in the hill-climbing competition, whereas the car gained first place, and has been awarded a silver cup and gold medal in its class.

The Avon India Rubber Company announce important reductions in the price of their tyres. Users of Avon tyres may be assured that the high quality which has always attended the Avon output will not deteriorate under the new prices.

Still growing! Only a few months ago the Continental Company opened its palatial premises in Thurloe Place, South Kensington, and considered itself well provided for for a good long period. Already, however, the pressure of demand has forced the Company to acquire a new four-storey house, and to increase the floor space available by a further 2,000 square feet. This is certainly the best of evidence of continued popularity. Congratulations.

The War Office specified the 12-16 h.p. Delahaye. It is the car of the officer who wants an easily handled, silent, smooth-running car *de luxe*.—See the latest models at H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, London, S.W.



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Sale of Clocks and Bronzes

A fine collection of choice models in real bronze by the best-known French sculptors is being offered by Messrs. Shoolbred's, of Tottenham Court Road, whose sale is announced. This collection contains copies of Greek and other classic figures, together with a splendid variety of modern pieces. A leading feature in the clock department is a series of London-made cases, copied from the best old English models, and fitted with high-class French eight-day striking movements. These are offered at very moderate prices. Messrs. Shoolbred's have also a striking selection of Gothic and other stylish shapes in oak or mahogany cases, fitted with timepiece, striking or chiming movement. In addition, they hold a complete range of the celebrated 1,000-day Eureka electric clocks, an illustrated price list of which will be sent on application.